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ARE ROSES BLOWING?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. S. COREY.

Avails it that the golden fruits
Of tropic lands bend over?
Or rainbow bird aye sings and floats,
And builds and broods above her?
Or over beds of purple bloom
The restless wild bees hover?
What song shall thrill her through the tomb?
What glory move her?

What summer skies shall glow for her
Whose sun has passed its setting?
What wave with mystic numbers stir
Her strange and deep forgetting?
What head hath she for flash and gleam
Of rainbow plumage flitting,
To whom alike are cloud and beam
And tempest-fretting?

How shall she mark the changing light
Of morn, and noon, and even,
Whose day wanes never more to night
On summer hills of heaven?
Or clasp the chain of circling years
To earth's drear bondage given,
Her fetters forged of time and tears
Once snapped and riven?

Yet softly smile, oh bending skies,
Above that charmed sleeping!
Flow, rivers, though our darling lies
Unstirred by all your leaping!
The spell of all things bright may stay
Love's wild and bitter weeping,
Poured over mute unconscious clay,
Strange silence keeping.

Blush, roses, o'er the quiet breast!
Sing, birds, and sweetly hover!
Live your glad lives above the rest
That crowns a life now over!
In that far land of summer sheen,
In hearts that bleed and quiver,
Her memory and her grave are green
And bright forever.

THE BARRICADE.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

PROLOGUE.

THE CASCABEL.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXPEDITION.

The story begins on May 5, 1805, in one of the wildest and most abrupt portions of New Spain, which now forms the State of Cohahuila, belonging to the Mexican Confederation.

If the reader will have the kindness to take a glance at a numerous cavalcade, which is debouching from a *canon* and scaling at a gallop the scarped side of a rather lofty hill, on the top of which stands an *aldea*, or village of Indios mansos, he will at the same time form the acquaintance of several of our principal characters, and the country in which the events recorded in this narrative occurred.

This cavalcade was composed of fifteen individuals in all; ten of them were lancers, attired in that yellow uniform which procured them the nickname of *tamarindos*.

These soldiers were execrated by the people, in consequence of their cruelty. They advanced in good order, commanded by a subaltern and an alferez—an old trooper who had grown gray in harness, who had long white moustachios and a disagreeable face. As he galloped on, he looked around him with the careless, wearied air of a man for whom the future reserves no hopes either of ambition, love, or fortune.

About twenty paces from this little band, and just so far ahead that their remarks reached the soldiers' ears in a completely incomprehensible fashion, three persons, two men and a woman, were riding side by side.

The first was a gentleman of about thirty years of age, of commanding stature; his harsh, haughty, and menacing features were rendered even more gloomy by a deep scar of a livid hue which commenced on his right temple and divided his face into two nearly equal parts.

This man, who was dressed in the sumptuous costume of the Mexican *campesinos*, which he wore with far from common grace, was named Don Annibal de Saldibar, and was considered the richest haciendero in the province.

His companion, who kept slightly in the rear, doubtless through respect, was a civilized Indian, with a quick eye, aquiline nose, and a wide mouth lined with two rows of dazzling white teeth. His countenance indicated intelligence and bravery. He was short and robust, and the almost disproportioned development of his muscles gave an enormous width to his limbs. This individual must assuredly be endowed with extraordinary strength. His attire, not nearly so rich as that of the haciendero, displayed a certain pretension to elegance, which was an extraordinary thing in an Indian.

This man's name was Pedro Sotavento, and he was mayor-domo to Don Annibal.

As we have said, the third person was a female. Although it was easy to see, through the juvenile grace of her movements and her taper waist, that she was still very young, she was so discreetly hidden behind gauze and muslin veils, in order to protect her from the burning heat of the sun which was then at its zenith, that it was impossible to distinguish her features. Long black locks escaped from beneath her broad-brimmed vicuna hat, and fell in profusion on her pink and white shoulders, which were scarcely veiled by a China crape *rebozo*.

At the moment when we approach these three persons they were conversing together with considerable animation.

"No," Don Annibal said, with a frown, as he smote the pommel of his saddle, "it is not possible, I cannot believe in so much audacity on the part of these Indian brutes. You must have been deceived, Sotavento."

The mayor-domo grinned knowingly, and buried his head between his shoulders with a motion which was habitual to him.

"You will see, *mi amo*," he replied, in a honeyed voice, "my information is positive."

"What!" the haciendero continued with increased fury, "they would really attempt resistance! Why, they must be mad!"

"Not so much as you suppose, mi amo; the aldea is large and contains at least three thousand *collis*."

"What matter? Suppose there were twice as many, is not one Spaniard as good as ten Indians?"

"In the open, perhaps so."

"What is that you say—perhaps?" Don Annibal exclaimed, turning sharply round, and giving his mayor-domo a glance of supreme contempt. "Really, Soto-mayer, your Indian origin involuntarily abuses your judgment by making you regard things differently from what they really are."

"No, mi amo. The Indian origin with which you reproach me, on the contrary, makes me judge the situation healthily; and, believe me, it is far more serious than you imagine."

These words were uttered in a serious tone, which caused the proud Spaniard to reflect.

Pedro Sotavento had been in his service for a long time. He knew that he was brave and incapable of being intimidated by threats or rodomontade. Moreover, he had always been kind to him, and believed himself sure of his devotion, hence he continued in a milder key—

"That is the reason, then, why you insisted so strongly on my taking an escort when we passed the Fort of Agua Verde?"

"Yes, mi amo," he replied, giving the soldiers a glance of singular expression. "I should have liked it to be more numerous."

"Nonsense, had it not been through consideration for the senora, whom I am anxious not to terrify in her present condition, I would not have accepted a single soldier. We alone are more than sufficient to chastise the scoundrels, were there a thousand of them."

"Don Annibal," the young lady here said in a soft and harmonious voice, "the contempt you profess for these poor people is unjust. Though they are of a different color from us, and almost devoid of intellect, they are men for all that, and as such have a claim on our pity."

"Very good, senora," the haciendero answered savagely; "take their part against me; that will not fail to produce an excellent effect."

"I take no person's part, Don Annibal," she continued, with a slight tremor in her voice. "I merely offer an opinion which I consider correct, that is all. But your outbursts of passion terrify me; perhaps it would have been better to leave me at the hacienda, as I expressed a desire."

"My family are never insulted with impunity, senora; I wished you to witness the vengeance which I intend taking for the insult offered to you."

"I made no complaint to you, Don Annibal. The slight insult I received, even admitting that it was an insult, does not deserve so terrible a punishment as you purpose to inflict on these unhappy creatures. Take care, Don Annibal. These men whom, in your Castilian pride, you obstinately insist on ranking with the brute beasts and treating as such, will grow weary one day. They already feel a profound hatred for you. The Indians are vindictive, and may wait, perhaps, for twenty years the opportunity to repay you the evil you have done them; but then their vengeance will be frightful."

"Enough, senora," the haciendero said roughly; "but while waiting for this vengeance with which you menace me in their name, I mean to treat them as they deserve."

The young lady bowed her head, and made no further remark.

"Oh!" the mayor-domo said, with a grin of mockery, "you can strike without fear, mi amo. The Indians have been too long accustomed to bend their necks for them ever to feel any desire to draw themselves up and bite the hand which chastises them."

These words were uttered with an accent which would have caused Don Annibal to reflect seriously, had he not been so infatuated about his real or supposed superiority over the unfortunate race that formed the subject of the conversation we have just reported.

The opinion expressed by the haciendero was not so erroneous as it might appear to an European. The Spanish name was at this period surrounded by such a prestige; the hapless Indians were reduced to such a state of degrading servitude and brutalization; they seemed to have so thoroughly recognized the superiority of their oppressors, that the latter did not even take the trouble to hide the contempt with which these degenerate remains of the powerful races they had vanquished in former times inspired them. They affected, under all circumstances, to make them feel all the weight of the yoke under which they bowed them.

Still, under present circumstances, the proud Spaniard committed a grave error. For this reason:

The Indians against whom he was marching at this moment were not attached by any tie to those whom three centuries of slavery had rendered submissive to the Spanish authority. They had only been settled for about thirty years, through their own free will, at the spot where they now were. This requires an explanation, which we will proceed to give, begging the reader to pardon this digression, which is indispensable for the comprehension of the facts which we have undertaken to recount.

There are races which seem destined by fate to disappear from the surface of the globe. The red race is of the number, for it has no fiercer enemy than itself.

The Indians, in lieu of making common cause against their oppressors, and trying to emancipate themselves from their tyranny, expend all their courage and energy in fratricidal contests of nation against nation, tribe against tribe, and thus help those who do all in their power to keep them down. These contests are the more obstinate, because they take place between men of the same blood and even of the same family for originally frivilous causes, which, however, soon attain considerable importance, owing to the number of warriors who succumb to the rage and ferocity displayed on both sides.

Hence entire nations, formerly powerful, are gradually reduced to a few families, and in a relatively short period become entirely extinct, the few surviving warriors seeking their safety in flight, or going to claim the protection of another nation with which they soon become blended.

Hence we may account for the fact that the names of the tribes flourishing at the period of the discovery of America are now scarcely known, and it is impossible to recover any trace of them.

The first conquerors, impelled by religious fanaticism and an unextinguishable thirst for gold were, we allow, pitiless to their unhappy victims, and sacrificed immense numbers in working the mines. Still, to be just, we must state that they never organized those grand Indian hunts which the Anglo-Saxons initiated in North America; they never offered a reward of fifty dollars for every Indian scalp; and instead of driving back the Indian race before them, they, on the contrary, blended the native blood with their own, so that the number of Indians has been considerably augmented in the old Spanish possessions, while they will ere long disappear in North America, where they are hunted down like wild beasts.

According to a census made by the Washington Congress in 1858, the Indians scattered over the territory of the United States amount to 800,000.

In Mexico, where the population is only seven millions, there are five million Indians and half-breeds; moreover, it is proved that in the time of Moctecuzoma the population never attained this high figure.

It results, then, from our remarks that the Spaniards who, during three centuries, incessantly massacred the Indians, succeeded in increasing their numbers; while the North Americans, who are so philosophical and such philanthropists, have attained a diametrically opposite result, and during the sixty years since they proclaimed their independence, in spite of all the efforts made to civilize the Indians, they have nearly exterminated those tribes which dwell on their territory.

It must be confessed that this is a most unfortunate result! We will stop here, for every thinking man will be enabled to draw the sole logical conclusion from our remarks without our dilating on them.

About forty years before the period at which our story begins, two of the most important tribes of the Comanche nation suddenly quarrelled after an expedition they had made in common against the Apaches, the irreconcilable enemies of the Comanches, with whom they alone dare to dispute the supremacy on the great prairies of the far West.

This expedition had been completely successful: a winter village of the Apaches was surprised by night, the horses were carried off, and sixty scalps raised.

The warriors returned to the gathering place of their nation, singing, dancing, and celebrating their exploits, as they are accustomed to do when, in an expedition of this nature, they have killed several of their enemies without any loss on their own side. This had been the case on the present occasion. The Apache warriors, aroused from deep sleep, had fallen like ripe corn beneath the tomahawks of the Comanches as they sought to escape from their burning lodges without thought of arming themselves.

In spite of all the care taken in the division of the plunder that each tribe might be equally favored, the chiefs did not succeed in satisfying everybody; the warriors who thought themselves defrauded, gave way to recriminations; tempers were heated, and, as always happens with men who constantly go about armed, they proceeded almost immediately from words to blows.

There was a battle; blood followed in streams, and then the two tribes separated, swearing a deadly hatred, though it was impossible to discover whence the quarrel originated, or which side was in the wrong.

These two tribes were the "White Horse" and the "Red Buffalo."

Then a war began between these old friends, which threatened to be indefinitely prolonged; but one day the Red Buffaloes, being surprised by their enemies, were almost entirely exterminated, after a fight that lasted two days, and in which even the squaws took part.

The vanquished, reduced to about fifty warriors and the same number of women and children, sought safety in flight, but being hotly pursued, they were compelled to cross the Indian border, and seek a refuge upon Spanish territory.

Here they drew breath. The Spanish government allowed them to settle in the neighborhood of the Fort of Agua Verde, and granted them the right of self-government, while recognizing the authority of the King of Spain, and pledging themselves to be guilty of no exactions of any sort.

The Red Buffaloes, pleased with the protection granted them, religiously carried out the conditions of the treaty; they built a village, became husbandmen, accepted the missionary sent to them, turned Christians, ostensibly at least, and lived on good terms with their white neighbors, among whom they speedily acquired the reputation of being quiet and honest people.

Unhappily, perfect happiness is not possible in this world, and the poor Indians soon learned this fact at their own expense.

The ground on which their wretched village stood was surrounded by the lands of the Hacienda del Bario, which had belonged, ever since the conquest, to the Saldibar family.

So long as Don Jose de Salibar was alive, with the exception of a few insignificant discussions, the Indians were tolerably at liberty; but when Don Annibal succeeded his father, matters at once altered.

Don Annibal signified to the chief cacique of the Red Buffaloes, that he must allow himself to be a vassal, and consequently pay to him not only a tithe of his crops, and the capitation tax, but also supply a certain number of his young men to work in the mines and guard the cattle.

The chief answered with a peremptory refusal, alleging that he was only dependent on the Spanish government, and recognized no other sovereign.

Don Annibal would not allow himself to be defeated; he organized against the Indians a system of dull annoyance for the purpose of compelling them to give way; he cut down their woods, sent his cattle to grass in their fields, and so on.

The Indians suffered without complaining. They were attached to their wretched huts and did not wish to quit them.

This patient resignation, this passive resistance exasperated Don Annibal. The Indians let themselves be ruined without uttering complaints or threats; several of their young men were carried off, and they did not offer the slightest protest. The haciendero resolved to come to an end with these men whom nothing could compel to obey his will.

In spite of himself, he was terrified at the indifference of the Indians, which he fancied too great not to be affected; he went over in his mind all he had made the poor people suffer, and the injustice he had done them, and came to the conclusion that they were preparing to take some terrible vengeance on him.

He determined to be beforehand with them, but he needed a pretext, and this Sotavento, his mayor-domo, undertook to provide him with.

This Sotavento, of whom we have already said a few words, was himself of Indian race. One of Don Annibal's friends had warmly recommended him, and for twelve years he had been in the service of the haciendero, whose good and bad passions he had contrived so cleverly to flatter, with that suppleness of character natural to the Red Skins, that the latter placed the most perfect confidence in him.

Sotavento, naturally, carried out his master's orders zealously, and eagerly seized every opportunity to injure the Red Buffaloes, for whom he appeared to entertain a profound hatred. After consulting with his master, Sotavento managed matters so that one day Dona Emilia, Don Annibal's wife, who had hitherto defended the poor people of the aldea under all circumstances, and had even succeeded in saving them from several vexatious acts, was, while taking a walk, insulted by an Indian, or at least a man wearing their costume, and was so frightened that she was confined to her bed for several days.

The haciendero made the more noise about this insult, because, as his wife was *enciente*, the fright she had undergone might have had very serious consequences for her.

He proceeded in all haste to the capital of the province, had a long interview with the governor, and then returned home, certain this time of gaining the end at which he had so long aimed.

He had been accompanied from the city by a jues de letras, an insignificant person, to whom we have not yet alluded, and who appeared but little pleased with the duty confided to him, for he trotted timidly along upon a scrubby mule behind the soldiers.

Only stopping at the hacienda long enough to bid his wife mount her horse and come and see what was going to happen, Don Annibal at once continued his journey, consenting with great difficulty, upon the re-

peated entreaties of his mayor-domo, to accept the escort the commandant of the Fort of Agua Verde offered him, for he was so eager to revenge himself.

The country the travellers passed through was extremely picturesque; from the elevation they had reached, they surveyed an admirable landscape closed in on the horizon by lofty forest-clad mountains. In the west spread out the immense sheet of water, known as the Agua Verde, which the beams of the setting sun tinged with all the prismatic hues. Besides this, they could see the Rio Grande, which was lost in infinite windings, the Fort of the Bahia, situated on a point of the river, and the green prairies of the Indian border, which were agitated by mysterious movements.

In the meanwhile the Mexicans continued to ascend, we dare not say the road, for no roads of any sort existed at that period in this savage country, and we doubt whether any exist now, but the track which led to the alden of the Red Buffalos.

This track, cut by human hands on the sides of the hill round which it wound, became more and more scarped, and at last resembled a staircase, which would have mightily staggered an European traveller, but these horsemen did not even seem to notice the fact.

All at once, Sotavento, who had pushed on slightly ahead during the conversation between the haciendero and Dona Emilia, uttered a cry of surprise as he stopped his horse so short, that the noble animal trembled on its hind legs.

"What is the matter?" Don Annibal asked as he spurred his horse.

"Look there!" the mayor-domo replied, stretching his hand.

"*Mil demonios!*" Don Annibal shouted passionately, "what is the meaning of this? Who has warned the scoundrels?"

"*Quien sabe?*" the mayor-domo said with a grin.

Several trees, to which the branches and roots were still attached, had been thrown across the track, and formed a barricade about ten feet in height, which completely stopped the way.

The travellers were compelled to halt before this impassable obstacle.

The haciendero was startled for a moment, but soon, shaking his head like a lion at bay, he looked around defiantly, dismounted, and drawing his machete, walked boldly up to the barricade, while Sotavento, motionless and with folded arms, looked cunningly at him.

The lancers, whom this compulsory stoppage had enabled to catch up to the first party, cocked their carbines at an order from their commanding officer, and held themselves in readiness to fire at the first signal.

CHAPTER II.

RED SKINS AND WHITE SKINS.

Don Annibal de Saldibar was gifted with a most energetic character and iron will; obstacles, instead of checking, only impelled him to go on at all risks, until he had carried out what he once resolved to do. In no case could any interference, however powerful its nature, induce him to hesitate in accomplishing his plans, much less make him give them up. Possessing great physical strength and unusual skill in the management of weapons, he was courageous after the manner of wild beasts, through an instinct for evil and to smell blood. Still he had as much contempt for his own life as for that of his opponent, and he never tried to avoid peril, but on the contrary, felt a secret pleasure in looking it in the face.

The soldiers who accompanied him had assuredly furnished proofs of their courage long before. Still it was with a start of terror they saw him advance calmly and carelessly toward this barricade of verdure, which rose silent and menacing before them, and behind which they expected at each moment to see spring up a band of enemies, exasperated by long sufferings, and resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity. In the probable event of a collision, the position of the Mexicans was most disadvantageous.

The soldiers, grouped on a path only three feet in width, having on their right a perpendicular granite wall, and on their left a deep barranca, into which the slightest false step might precipitate them, with no shelter of any description to fight men hidden behind a thick barricade, were almost certain of being defeated, if a hand to hand fight began with the Indians. Hence the old officer who commanded the escort shook his head several times with a dissatisfied air, after he had hastily examined the probable fighting ground.

The juez de letras and the two alguazils who served him as a guard of honor, evidently shared the lieutenant's opinion, for they had stopped out of gun shot and dismounted, under a pretext of tightening their mules' girths, but in reality to convert the carcases of the poor brutes into a rampart.

As for Sotavento, sitting motionless on his horse about ten yards at the most from the felled trees, he was carelessly rolling a cigarette between his fingers, while pinching up his thin lips, and letting a viper's glance pass through his half-closed eyelids.

He seemed, in short, to take but very slight interest in what was going on around him, and was prepared to be a spectator rather than actor in the events which would in all probability occur.

The haciendero had approached the barricade. His face was unmoved; with his left hand resting on one of the branches, and his body bent slightly forward, he was trying to peer through the intertwined branches and leaves at some of the enemies whom he supposed to be ambuscaded there.

Still, although this examination lasted for several minutes, and Don Annibal, through bravado, prolonged it far beyond what was necessary, the deepest silence continued to prevail, and not a leaf stirred.

"Come," the haciendero said in a sarcastic voice, as he drew himself up, "you are mistaken, Sotavento, there is no one here. I was a fool to believe for a moment that these brutes would attempt to dispute our passage."

"Well, well," the mayor-domo said with a grin "quien sabe, mi amo, quien sabe? These brutes, as you very correctly term them, have not left their prairies so long as to have completely forgotten their Indian tricks."

"I care little," the haciendero answered drily, "what their intentions or the tricks they have prepared may be; dismount and help me to roll over the precipice these trees which obstruct the path; at a later date we will proceed to punish the persons who have thus dared to barricade the king's road."

Sotavento hung his head without replying, and prepared to obey; but before he had drawn his foot out of the stirrup the branches parted, and in the space thus left free appeared a man wearing a gold-laced hat with a military cock, and holding in his right hand a long silver-knobbed cane.

As this individual is destined to play a certain part in this narrative, we will draw his portrait in a few lines.

He was a man of lofty stature, with marked features and an intelligent physiognomy. His black eyes, sparkling like carbuncles, and full of cunning, had a strange fixity, which gave him, when any internal emotion agitated him, an expression of cold ferocity impossible to describe. His complexion, which was of the color of new red copper, allowed him to be recognized as an Indian at the first glance; although he had passed mid-life, it was impossible to decide his age, for he seemed as vigorous and active as if only twenty years old; not a wrinkle furrowed his brow, not a single gray hair was perceptible in the thick black masses which fell in disorder on his shoulders.

Excepting his gold-laced hat, and his silver-mounted cane, which were the emblems of his rank as cacique or alcade of the alden, his dress was very simple, and only consisted of worn velvet calzoneras, which but half covered his bare legs, and a gaily colored zarape, which was thrown over his shoulders.

Still, in spite of this miserable garb, this man had about him such an air of haughty dignity and innate superiority, that on seeing him, his ridiculous attire was forgotten, and involuntary respect was felt for him.

This person was, in fact, the chief of the Red Buffalos, their cacique, to whom the governor of the province had given the title of alcade.

His name was Mah-mih-kou-ing-ati, not a very euphonious name; but, like all Indian titles, it had a meaning, and signified literally "Running Water."

The haciendero and the cacique examined each other for a moment silently, like two duellists, who, before falling on their favorite guard, try to discover their opponent's weak point, and thus render their attack, if possible, decisive.

It was the first time they stood face to face, and hence the fixedness of their glance had something strange and fatal about it. Still, Don Annibal's machete raised against the barricade, fell without striking. The cacique, satisfied with his triumph, turned his head away with a gloomy smile. Each of these men had measured his foe, and found him a worthy one. The spectators, dumb and motionless, anxiously waited what was about to take place. Don Annibal was the first to break the silence.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, in a voice that betrayed dull passion, "by what right do you obstruct the king's highway?"

"Who are you, first, who question me in so haughty a fashion, and who authorizes you to do so?" the cacique answered drily.

"Who I am?" the Spaniard continued passionately, "do you not know?"

"Whether I know or not is of no consequence; I wish to learn the fact from you. I am not acquainted with you, and do not wish to have any dispute with you."

"Do you think so, my master?" the haciendero retorted, with a mocking smile; unfortunately you are mistaken, as you will speedily discover."

"Perhaps so," the Indian replied disdainfully; but, in the meanwhile, as you have no right to enter my village with soldiers, in my quality of magistrate I order you to withdraw, rendering you and yours responsible for the consequences of your disobedience in the event of your refusing to obey my orders."

While Don Annibal listened to these words, with his arms crossed on his chest, and head thrown back, a smile of imperceptible meaning played around his lips.

"I fancy," he said ironically, "that you attach greater importance to your dignity of alcade than it really possesses, my master; but I have not come here to discuss with you. Will you, yes or no, let me pass?"

"Why do you not try to force a passage?" the caicque said.

"I am going to do so."

"Try it."

Without replying, Don Annibal turned to the leader of the escort.

"Lieutenant," he said to him, "order your men to fire on that scoundrel."

But the old officer shook his head.

"Hum!" he remarked, "what good would that do us? It would only cause us to be killed like asses. Do you imagine that man to be alone?"

"Then you refuse to obey me?" the haciendero said with concentrated passion.

"Canarios! I should think I do refuse. I was ordered to defend you from attack; but not to sacrifice the men I command in satisfying a whim. This individual, the deuce take him! were he ten times the Indian he is, has the law on his side. Rayo de Dios! you waste your time in arguing with him, instead of coming to an end at once."

Don Annibal listened to this remonstrance with ill-restrained impatience. When the lieutenant ceased speaking, he said with ironical deference, as he bowed to him:

"Pray what would you have done in my place, Senor Lieutenant?"

"Canarios! I should have acted in a different way. It is evident that we are not the stronger, and that if we attempt to pass as you propose, these red devils will only have to give us a push to send us rolling over the precipice, which, I suppose, would not exactly suit your views."

"Well?" the haciendero interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"One moment, hang it all! Let us act legally since it is necessary. The alcade's cane is at times stronger than the soldier's sword, and to break it you require a stronger cane, that is all. Have you not brought with you a sort of writer or juez de letras, flanked by two alguazils? The scoundrel must have some sort of authority in his pocket. But what do I know? Well, let the two black birds settle matters between themselves. Believe me, it is the only thing we can do in the present posture of affairs; we will see if these pecaros dare to resist a representative of his majesty, whom may heaven preserve!"

"Viva Dios! you are right, lieutenant; I perceive that I acted like an ass, and we ought to have begun with that. Give those persons orders to come up, if you please."

The cacique had listened to the conversation, leaning carelessly on his cane in the trench behind the barricade; but, on hearing the conclusion, which he doubtless had not anticipated, he frowned and looked anxiously behind him.

At a sign from the lieutenant, several soldiers went in search of the juez de letras and his two acolytes. But it was no easy task to bring them to the front; officers of justice have this in common with the crow, that they smell gunpowder a long distance off.

The poor devils, entrenched, as well as they could manage, behind their mules, were trembling all over, while waiting for the action to begin; when they saw the soldiers galloping toward them, they fancied their last hour had arrived, and they began commending their souls to Heaven, while repeating all the prayers they could call to mind, and beating their chests powerfully, as they invoked all the saints of the interminable Spanish calendar.

At the first moment the soldiers were greatly amused at their terror, and laughed heartily at their pale faces and startled glances. On hearing the lancers laugh, the juez de letras, who, apart from his poltroonery, was a clever and sensible man, began reflecting, and suspected that the danger was not so great as he had at first supposed it.

He got up, carefully arranged his attire, and asked the soldiers for news, which they gave him, laughing most heartily the while. The juez then drew himself up in a dignified manner, mounted his mule, and addressed his alguazils, who were still hidden behind a bend in the path:

"Well, scamps," he said to them, while attempting to reassume an imposing air, as became a magistrate of his importance, "what is the meaning of this? Heaven pardon me, but I believe you are afraid. Is that the way in which you sustain the honor of the gown you wear? Come, come, mount without further delay, and follow me smartly."

The alguazils, abashed by this sharp reprimand, got on their mules, offering the best excuses they could, and ranged themselves behind their superior officer.

Still the worthy juez de letras was not so reassured as he wished to appear, and we are forced to confess that the nearer he drew to the barricade, the more formidable it seemed to him, and the less at ease did he feel as to the results of the mission he had to carry out.

Still, hesitation was no longer possible, he must bravely go through with the affair, and pluck up a heart. No one is so courageous as a poltroon driven into a corner, fear in him takes the place of bravery, and he becomes the more rash in proportion to his former terror.

The juez de letras gave a proof of this, for instead of halting a reasonable distance from the barricade, he advanced till he could almost touch it. Perhaps, though, this did not result entirely from his own will, for the soldiers had maliciously given the poor mule several vigorous blows with their chicotes, so that it pricked up its ears and dashed madly onward. The fact is, that, whether voluntarily or not, the juez found himself side by side with Don Annibal.

The lieutenant's advice was, as he had said, the only mode of putting an end to the cacique's resistance. At the period when this story takes place, the liberal ideas which overturned and regenerated the old world had not yet reached the Spanish colonies, or, if they had reached them, had not penetrated to the lower classes, who, besides, would not have understood them.

The King of Spain, owing to the system adopted by the Peninsular government, was revered, feared, and respected like a god; the lowest of his representatives, the mere flag hoisted over a conducta de plata, were sufficient to protect the millions that traversed the entire length of Mexico to be embarked on board the ships; in a word, it would not have occurred to any one in New Spain that it was possible to rebel against the mother country or disobey the lowest or most insignificant of the officers of the sovereign beyond the seas.

Still, in spite of the knowledge of their power, the Spaniards were slightly alarmed by the coldly resolute attitude of the Indian cacique; the more so, because this man belonged to that haughty Comanche race which preferred to return to the desert sooner than bend beneath the Spanish yoke. It is true that Running Water, on settling on this side the border, had recognized the suzerainty of the King of Spain; but it was so recently that this fact occurred, that there was reason to fear lest the Red Buffalos, driven to extremities by the countless annoyances they had endured, might be resolved to take an exemplary vengeance on their enemies, even though that vengeance entailed their utter ruin.

Such instances as this had already occurred several times in the colony. Another reason also heightened the apprehensions of Don Annibal and his companions; in spite of the secrecy in which his plans were arranged and his rapidity of action, the Indians had been warned of what was being prepared against them, which was superabundantly proved by the measures they had taken to defend themselves against an attack which nothing could have led them to suspect.

The haciendero had, then, been betrayed; but who was the traitor?

At a sign from Don Annibal, the juez de letras prepared with considerable assurance to exhibit his titles and quality. After securing himself firmly in his saddle, the magistrate drew a paper from a portfolio one of the alguazils handed him, the contents of which he read in a loud, firm voice.

This document was to the effect that the Comanche Indians, called the Red Buffalos, who had sought shelter on the Spanish territory, and to whom the government of his majesty had deigned to grant asylum and protection, had rendered themselves unworthy this protection by their misdeeds, a long list of which was quoted. The Viceroy of New Spain, listening to the repeated complaints which were made from all sides against them, recognizing them as ungrateful and incorrigible felons, withdrew the hand he had hitherto extended to protect them, and ordered, in consequence, that they should be compelled by all legal means at once to abandon their place of residence, and repass the border, after their village had been utterly destroyed in their presence. Any disobedience would be punished with death, etc., etc.

This document was listened to in religious silence by the cacique, with downcast head and frowning brow, but without the slightest mark of impatience, anger, or sorrow. When the judge had finished he raised his head, and looked at him like a man awakening from sleep.

"Have you ended?" he asked him in a gentle voice.

"Not yet," the magistrate answered, amazed and emboldened by this mildness, which he had been far from anticipating.

"Do so," he said.

The judge continued:

"Consequently I, Don Ignacio Pavo y Cobardo, juez de letras of the town of Mondovo, by virtue of the powers conceded to me by the most serene Governor of the Intendency, summon you, alcade of the alden of the Red Buffalos, in the name of his majesty, whom may Heaven preserve, to obey this order at once without any resistance."

Running Water drew himself up, gave the spectators a glance of strange meaning; then, without uttering a word, he took off his hat, which he threw over the precipice, broke his cane across his knee, let the pieces fall at his feet, and said to Don Annibal:

"You wish for war, be it so! I accept. You can now pass, and no one will oppose you."

He fell back a step, shouted in a thundering voice, "We shall meet again," and then disappeared. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'R 19, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $30—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 22, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. — Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sydnie Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

THE LITERARY PAPERS.

At a time like this, when the political papers and orators are foaming and raging, we think it well to say a word in favor of the literary journals of the country.

The political papers tend to divide the people from one another—the literary papers tend to unite them.

Good Feeling, Charity, Union and Harmony are the great wants of the country. The people do not need so much to be told in what they differ, as to be reminded in how many things they agree. They need to be united as a band of brothers—not to be mutually convinced that it is impossible for one-half of them to have any respect for or confidence in the other half.

Men become always a little insane by dwelling too much and too constantly on any one set of ideas. All exaggeration and excess of opinion and feeling is partial insanity. All very ardent politicians, of both sides, are a little insane—that is, they have become unable to see things as they really are. Everything they see is more or less colored and distorted to their eyes by their heated imaginations.

Now one of the best ways to restore such men to reason, is to take them away for a time from their party papers, and let them read something of an interesting character, totally unconnected with politics. Let it be an interesting story, an essay, a column of anecdotes—no matter even if it be of little value in itself—it will do the designed work. The mind will become clearer and soberer, the passions will be calmed, the judgment sounder.

We are in earnest when we say that, if there were not a political appeal published, or a political speech made, from now until the day of the Presidential election—if the voters had nothing to read but the bare news of the day, and the literary papers and magazines—they would be able to vote much more intelligently and wisely than an exciting and heated canvass will enable them to do.

Why if it were not for the diversion of mind caused by the literary press and the common business affairs of life—if the whole people were constantly fed, as so many of them unfortunately are, upon mere political red-pepper and spiced lies alone—the country would go stark, raving mad in about six months, and the political parties would be cutting each other's throats to promote the glory of God and the welfare of their fellow men.

So far therefore from modestly asking that the literary papers and magazines should at least be tolerated, we claim for them that even the poorest of them is doing a work far exceeding in value that of the most spicy and virulent political sheet.

They are at least promoting good-feeling, calm-judgment, peace, union, and, in one word, Sanity. While the political press, as a general thing, are promoting bad-feeling, heated judgment, strife, disunion, and, in one word, Insanity.

Oh, what a blessed thing for the country, if we could take two-thirds of the leading politicians of both sides off their daily morning and afternoon diet of red-pepper and mustard, and put them for at least three-fourths of the time upon some interesting novel, amusing batch of anecdotes, or thrilling sketch. Their eyes would begin to lose their wildness, their hands no longer tremble as if seeking to clutch imaginary daggers, and they would become, in a degree at least, moderate, reasonable, unprejudiced, sober and sane men.

Therefore, let no judicious man hesitate as to promoting the circulation of a literary paper—let him rather hesitate as to how he aids in the circulation of that political firewater, which seems to madden the hearts and inflame the brains of so many, in other respects, reasonable and kindly men and women.

BEARDS GOING OUT.—The *London Daily News* says:—

"We should mention that a considerable trade exists in false beards, moustaches, and whiskers. During the American war a vast number of these were sent out to the United States, and a steady demand continued until the peace. Our informant did not profess to account either for the sudden want of whiskers and beards, or for its equally sudden cessation. But the fact is curious, that the demand lasted as long as the war, and gradually dropped off at its close."

In corroboration of a portion of the above, let any one observe a party of fashionably dressed gentlemen now-a-days, and he will find that very few will have a full beard, while very many will have all the face shaven with the single exception of a moustache on the upper lip.

We did not know before, however, that it was alleged that false beards, &c., were worn to any extent by American gentlemen—and we are inclined to doubt the statement of our London contemporary.

☞ We see partisan items going the rounds credited to the "Philadelphia Post." This is not the "Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post"—but a little morning paper called the Morning Post. Neither are we responsible for the sayings and doings of the *New York* Evening Post. Those who take our articles, will please credit in full the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By JOHN W. DRAPER, M. D., LL.D. Vol. 2. Containing the events from the Inauguration of President Lincoln to the Proclamation of Emancipation of the Slaves. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

COMER'S NAVIGATION SIMPLIFIED. Containing all the tables, explanations, and illustrations necessary for the easy understanding and use of the Practical Branches of Navigation and Nautical Astronomy. Compiled at (and expressly for the navigation students of) Comer's Commercial College, Boston. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF POPULAR EDUCATION AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. By S. S. RANDALL, Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of New York. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE OPIUM HABIT, with suggestions as to the Remedy. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS. By EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON. In two volumes. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE BACHELOR OF SALAMANCA. Translated from the French of M. LE SAGE, Author of "Gil Blas," "Devil on Two Sticks," etc., etc. By JAMES TOWNSEND. In two volumes. Published by Thomas W. Hartley, 819 and 821 Market Street, Philadelphia, and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

How Long we Might Live.

Professor Faraday adopts Flourin's physiological theory that the natural age of man is one hundred years. The duration of life he believes to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and elyphysus are united, the body grows no more, and at twenty years this union is effected in man. In the camel it takes place at eight; in the horse at five; in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five removes from these several points. Man, being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years, that is, one hundred; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives five times eight years; that is to say, forty years; the horse is five years in growing, and he lives twenty-five years; and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness, lives everywhere from eighty to one hundred years. Providence has given to man a century of life, but he does not attain it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome fruit, gives license to passions, and permits vexations to disturb his healthy equipoise. He does not die; he kills himself. The learned professor divides life into equal halves, growth and decline; and these halves into infancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year; youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period that the tissues become firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete, and at seventy-five old age commences, to last a longer or shorter time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

HOME CHEERFULNESS.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases they are apt to seek it; if it displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

☞ A lady parting from her husband a few days since in the cars at Albany, was overheard by the passengers to utter the following paragraph, all in one breath:—"Good-bye, Will; write to me every day, won't you? I'll expect a letter three times a week, any way. Take good care of my Sunday-school class, for I'll want it when I come back. If Miss Smith calls, don't give her more than fifty cents, for we have to support our own church, you know. Don't forget to bring my silk dress and my other shoes. Come as soon as you can. Good-bye. Don't forget your cane, and let your moustache grow."

☞ To show its contempt for all projects for its capture, the lightning went into the gable of the house of a lightning-rod seller at Cleveland, and tore it to splinters, despite the nineteen rods which were intended to protect the building.

☞ Starch is an excellent thing; but it is much better in garments than in people.

☞ At Saratoga hotels no charge is made if a waiter frowns on you. If he smiles, you are expected to give him twenty-five cents.

☞ Ada Menken's tombstone is a plain piece of wood, bearing the words, "Thou Knowest."

A Timely Trick.

When Cardinal Montalto assumed the tiara under the title of Sixtus V., he speedily threw off the disguise which had enveloped his former life, smoothed the wrinkles from his now proud forehead, raised his piercing eyes—heretofore cautiously veiled by their downcast lids—and made the astounded conclave know that in place of a docile instrument they had selected an inflexible master. Many glaring abuses c[illegible]ed in Rome, and these the new Pope determined to reform. It was the custom for the nobles, whether foreigners or natives, to be escorted whenever they went out by a numerous body of pages, valets, soldiers, and followers of all kinds, armed, like their masters, to the teeth. Sometimes a noble's "following" resembled an army rather than an escort; and it frequently happened that when two such parties met in a narrow street a violent struggle for precedence would take place, and blood be freely shed by those who had no previous cause of quarrel. Hence came the warlike meaning—which it still retains—of the word *rencontre*. Sixtus V. resolved to put down this practice, and seized the opportunity of an unusually fierce combat taking place on Easter-day within the very precincts of St. Peter's.

Next morning an official notice was posted on the city walls, prohibiting every noble without exception from being followed by more than twenty attendants. Every one, also, of whatever degree, who should himself carry, or cause his people to carry, any sort of fire-arms (pocket-pistols being especially mentioned,) should thereby incur the penalty of death. At this notice Pasquin jested, and the nobles laughed, but no one dared to indulge in bravado, until the following incident occurred:

Just after the promulgation of the Pope's orders, Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, arrived in Rome. His first care was to wait on the new pontiff; and being presented by his uncle, Cardinal Farnese, the young prince met the reception due to his rank and to his merit. Already his talents and courage gave promise of his becoming a worthy successor to his father; and the Roman nobles vied with each other in doing honor to the heir of one of the richest duchies in the peninsula. On the evening after his arrival he was invited by Prince Cesarini to a magnificent banquet. Wine flowed freely, and the night waxed late, when the guests began to discuss the recent edict of his holiness. Several wild young spirits, and amongst them Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to brave it openly. Next morning, however, when sobered with sleep, they all, with one exception, judged it expedient to forget their bravado. Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the Pope. Although a feudatory of the Holy See, he was not a Roman, and he was a prince. Sixtus V. would probably think twice before touching a head that was almost crowned. Besides, youths of twenty love adventure, and it is not every day that one can enjoy the pleasure of putting a Pope in a dilemma. Ranuccio, in short, went to the Vatican and asked an audience of his holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to the custom, knelt three times, managed adroitly to let fall at the very feet of Sixtus a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle.

Such audacity could not go unpunished. Without a moment's hesitation the Pope summoned his guards and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St. Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death. War might be declared on the morrow; an outraged father might come, sword in hand, to demand the life and liberty of his son. What cared Sixtus? He was resolved to restore but a corpse.

The news spread quickly: so much audacity on one side and so much firmness on the other seemed almost incredible. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican, and, falling at the feet of the Pope, with tears in his eyes pleading his nephew's cause. He spoke of the youth of the culprit and the loyalty of his father, who was then in Flanders fighting the battles of the Holy See. Ranuccio had been two days in Rome—might he not fairly be supposed ignorant of the new enactment? Then he belonged to a powerful house, which it might not be prudent for even his holiness to offend; and, finally, he was closely related by blood to the late Pope, Paul III.

The holy father's reply was cruelly decisive.

"The law," he said, makes no distinction: a criminal is a criminal, and nothing more. The vicegerent of God on earth, my justice, like His, must be impartial; nor dare I exercise clemency, which would be nothing but weakness."

The cardinal bent his head and retired.

Besieged incessantly by fresh supplications from various influential quarters, the Pope sent for Monsiegnor Angeli, the governor of Fort St. Angelo. To him he gave imperative orders, that precisely at twenty-four o'clock* that evening his illustrious prisoner's head should be struck off.

The governor returned to the castle, and signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live. The young man laughed in his face, and began to eat his supper. He could not bring himself to believe that he, the heir apparent of the Duke of Parma, could be seriously menaced with death by an obscure monk, whose only title to the pontificate seemed to have been his age and decrepitude. Yet speedily the threat seemed to him less worthy of derision, when he saw from his window a scaffold, bearing a hatchet and a block, in process of erection. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the church, followed by the executioner, asking for his last orders!

Meantime Cardinal Farnese was not idle. He consulted with his friend, Count Olivares, ambassador from the court of Spain, and they resolved to attempt to obtain by stratagem what had been refused to their prayers. Two precious hours remained.

"Our only plan," said the cardinal, "is to stop the striking of all the public clocks in Rome! Meantime do you occupy Angeli's attention."

His eminence possessed great influence in the city, and moreover, the control of the public clocks belonged to his prerogative. At the appointed hour, as if by magic, time changed his noisy course into silent flight. Two clocks, those of St. Peter and St. Angelo, were put back twenty minutes. Their proximity to the prison required this change, and the cardinal's authority secured the inviolable secrecy of every one concerned in the plot.

The execution was to be private; but Olivares, in his quality of ambassador, was permitted to remain with the governor. A single glance assured him that the clock was going right—that is to say, that it was quite wrong. Already the inner court was filled with soldiers under arms, and monks chanting the solemn "Dies Iræ." Everything was prepared save the victim. Olivares was with Angeli, and a scene commenced at once terrible and burlesque. The ambassador, in order to gain time, began to converse on every imaginable subject, but the governor would not listen.

"My orders are imperative. At the first stroke of the clock all will be over."

"But the Pope may change his mind." Without replying, the terrible Angeli walked impatiently up and down the room, watching for the striking of his clock. He called: a soldier appeared. "Is all prepared?" All was prepared; the attendants, like their master, only waited for the hour.

"'Tis strange," muttered the governor. "I should have thought—"

"At least," interposed Olivares, "if you will not delay, do not anticipate." And Monsignor resumed his hasty walk between the door and the window, listening for the fatal sound which the faithful tongue of the clock still refused to utter.

Despite of delay, however, the fatal hour approached. Ten minutes, and Ranuccio's fate would be sealed.

Meanwhile the cardinal repaired to the Pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch, and his eyes sparkled with revengeful joy. On the testimony of that unerring time-piece Ranuccio was already executed.

"What seek you?" asked his holiness.

"The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma. At least let the unhappy boy repose in the tomb of his ancestors."

"Did he die like a Christian?"

"Like a saint," cried the cardinal, trembling at a moment's delay.

Sixtus V. traced the following words: "We order our governor at Fort St. Angelo to deliver up to his eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese." Having sealed it with the pontifical signet, he gave it to the cardinal.

Arrived at the palace gates, Farnese, agitated between fear and hope, hastened to demand an entrance. A profound silence reigned within, broken only by the distant note of the "De profundis." He rushed towards the court! Was he too late?—had his stratagem succeeded? One look would decide. He raised his eyes—his nephew still lived. His neck bare and his hands tied, he knelt beside the block, between a priest and the executioner, faintly uttering the words of his last prayer. Suddenly the chanting ceased—the cardinal flew towards the governor. Ere he could speak his gestures and his countenance lied for him.

"A pardon!—a pardon!" exclaimed Olivares. The soldiers shouted. The executioner began to unloose his victim, when a sign from Angeli made him pause. The governor read and re-read the missive.

"The *body* of Ranuccio Farnese!" he repeated. "The criminal's name would suffice. Why these words, '*The body of?*'"

"What stops you?" cried the cardinal, at that perilous moment looking paler than his nephew.

"Read," replied Angeli, handing him the Pope's letter.

"Is that all?" said his eminence, forcing a smile and pointing to the clock. "Look at the hour. It still wants two minutes of the time, and I received that paper from his holiness more than a quarter of an hour since."

The governor bowed: the argument was irresistible. Ranuccio was given up to his deliverers. A carriage, with four fleet horses, waited outside the prison, and in a few moments the cardinal and the young prince were galloping along the road to Parma. Just then the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison, as if rejoicing that by their judicious silence they gained their master's cause. It might be well if lawyers in our day would sometimes follow their example.

Monsignor Angeli, as the chronicle relates, was rather astonished at the rapid flight of time after his prisoner's departure. In fact, the next hour seemed to him as short as its predecessor was long. This phenomenon, due to the simple system of compensation, was ascribed by him to the peaceful state of his conscience. Although inflexible in the discharge of what he esteemed his duty, he was in reality a kind-hearted man, and felt sincere pleasure at what he honestly believed to be Ranuccio's pardon.

On the morrow the Spanish ambassador was the first to congratulate Sixtus V., with admirable *sang froid*, on his truly pious clemency. Olivares was only a diplomatist, but he played his part as well as if he had been a cardinal, and made every one believe that he had been the dupe of his accomplice. He had good reasons for so acting. His master, Philip II., seldom jested, more especially when the subject of the joke was the infallible head of the church; and he strongly suspected that the clocks of Madrid might prove less complaisant than those at Rome.

Poor Angeli was the only sufferer. For no other crime than that of not wearing a watch, the Pope deprived him of his office and imprisoned him for some time in Fort St. Angelo. As to Cardinal Farnese, renouncing all the praises and congratulations of his friends at Rome, he prudently remained an absentee.

☞ The Chinese who are with Mr. Burlingame are not, it would seem, idolaters. A correspondent of the American Presbyterian affirms that the entire suite is composed of Confucianists, no Budhist or Tauist being among the number. Confucian temples have no idols. They are not, indeed, places of religious worship, for Confucius taught nothing in respect to God, or man's relations to deity. He taught only man's duty to man. He considered it impossible to ascertain anything clearly as to man's relations with the Infinite. He held that if man only did right by his fellow man, he might trust safely to the hereafter.

☞ A Good Citizen.—A Hartford man recently went to a neighbor and said to him, "I am told that you are willing to sell the piece of land that joins my lot." "Why, yes, I would like to sell it to some good citizen." "Well, what makes a good citizen in your judgment?" "A good citizen is a man that does not keep pigs or chickens," was the reply.

☞ "What makes you so agile this morning?" inquired a young lady of a gentleman whose movements were unusually active. "I drank a gill o' tea at breakfast," was the prompt reply.

* In Italy the hours are reckoned from 1 to 24, commencing at sunset.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Terrible Earthquake.—There was a terrible earthquake in Chili, Peru and Ecuador on August 13th. Twenty-five to thirty-two thousand lives have been lost. $300,000,000 of property has been destroyed. The cities of Arequipa, Arica, Iquique, Moquega, Pisaqua, Locumba, Ibarra, Tacna and many others are in ruins. A huge tidal wave forty feet high was produced, that wrecked many vessels, among them the United States naval vessels Fredonia and Wateree. The Wateree was carried a half mile inland.

The tidal wave was felt as far north as San Francisco. There is much suffering among the survivors of the calamity. So far as heard from twenty towns are known to have been destroyed. The direction of the shocks was from north to south along the range of the Andes, and they extended from Cape Francisco, in Ecuador, almost to the southern extremity of South America.

The Elections.—It is amusing to notice how closely the election returns are scrutinized now-a-days.

Colorado Territory was first reported to have gone Republican (Delegate to Congress election) by an increased majority. Now President Johnson has a despatch stating the Democrats are successful. At the last election the Republicans had 870 majority.

The Democrats have carried the Alton, Illinois election, and claim a gain.

The Georgia State Senate is preparing to follow the example of the House in ousting the negro members.

Base Ball.—The "Athletics" of Philadelphia seem to be now the Champion Club. They recently beat the Atlantic of New York in two successive games—the Union of Morrisiana, the Albany and Troy Clubs, &c.

—In the Union County (N. J.) Circuit Court, recently, Miss Mary E. Ackerman recovered damages to the amount of $4,000 against her father. The charge against him was that he had "uttered false and malicious slanders against the character of the plaintiff."

—A Minnesota gentleman has purchased the Sioux reservation in that state, consisting of seventeen thousand acres, and proposes to make it one immense wheat field.

—Poor Carlotta's insanity has taken a turn, and she has become both violent and silly. She now gets up at night, tears her bed to pieces, and throws her pillows out of the window.

—A number of bricklayers of Morrisania, acting under the rules of their trade Union, having prevented a boy from working as an apprentice, his father sued them for conspiracy. The case was tried at the Quarter Sessions Court, at White Plains, recently, and the jury found a verdict against the defendants. They have appealed to the Supreme Court.

—Letter carriers in the upper part of New York are to be supplied with velocipedes. With one of these machines a man can easily travel twelve miles an hour.

—A Paris paper considers the New York press below mediocrity, because the New York police reports show that thirty editors and forty-two reporters were arrested last year. The New York Times admits the arrests, but says the culprits were merely the "hangers on" of New York journalism.

—In Warsaw, the former capital of Poland, people are arrested by the Russians for speaking their native Polish tongue.

—Mr. Dickens is said by English papers to have cleared $260,000 by his visit to this country.

—A Parisian invention, now being introduced in London, is a wooden parasol. They are painted to represent peacocks' feathers, each feather being a separated rib like those of a fan. By ingenious mechanism, they can be fastened into the form of a parasol, and can also be folded up into as small a compass as a fan, which purpose they answer admirably. They also can be turned into a variety of things, and have joints, by which they shade the wearer on any side where the sun is too powerful.

Complimentary Verses to Mankind in General.

You prefer a buffoon to a scholar,
A harlequin to a teacher,
A jester to a statesman,
An Anonyma flaring on horseback
To a modest and spotless woman—
Brute of a public!

You think that to sneer shows wisdom,
That a gibe outvalues a reason,
That slang, such as thieves delight in,
Is fit for the lips of the gentle,
And rather a grace than a blemish,
Thick-headed public!

You think that if merit's exalted
'Tis excellent sport to decry it,
And trail its good name in the gutter:
And that cynics, white-gloved and cravated,
Are the cream and quintessence of all things,
Fool of a public!

You think that success is a merit,
That honor, and virtue, and courage
Are all very well in their places,
But that money's a thousand times better;
Detestable, stupid, degraded,
Pig of a public!

☞ Baron Bramwell, in a trial at Leeds, England, instructed the jury to give moderate damages for a case of breach of promise of marriage. He said it was a most mischievous thing "to frighten a man into marrying a woman he did not like by heavy damages. It was much better for the girl that he should find out his dislike before than after." Sensible Judge that.

☞ A rather fast youth was relating the experience of his voyage across the ocean to a sympathizing friend. Said he, "I tell you what, old fellow, there's one good thing about it, though. You can get as tight as you please every day, and everybody thinks you're only seasick!"

☞ Charles G. Atkins, one of the state fish commissioners, is experimenting with shad breeding at Augusta, Maine, and has hatched and let loose in the river 40,000 shadlings from the 100,000 eggs which he started.

☞ The editor of the Baltimore Episcopal Methodist has recently made a visit to Boston. He tells us through his paper that the amazing crookedness of the streets is of advantage to a stranger, since he cannot well lose himself, for if he will keep onward in the street he starts on he will be very likely to get back near to his starting-point. "There are," he says, "no parallel streets in Boston—they are all unparalleled."

The Star Spangled Banner.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY EVA HAWTHORNE.

M. Bochsa, the harpist, gave a concert at Tremont Temple, Boston, some years since, and appeared before the audience during the evening's performance, for the purpose of playing any airs the audience might select, with *impromptu* embellishments and variations.

"You will please send me so tune vot I sal play," proposed monsieur to his audience, as he came upon the platform.

Half-a-dozen strips of paper immediately found their way to the stand, and Monsieur B.

"'*O Dolce Concerto*,'—

"'Yankee Doodil,' (I know him vera well. I play him one, two, tree,—several times!)'

"'Groves o' Blarney.'—

"'Yankee Doo'—(I have now two 'Yankee Doodils',)—

"'*Non piu mesta*,'—*tres bien!*'

"The '*Star Spangled Banner!*'" shouted somebody in the crowd.

"Vot you say?" inquired Bochsa.

"*Star Spangled Banner!*"

Monsieur didn't understand. He was a little hard of hearing. He stepped quietly down from the rostrum, and approached one of the aisles.

"Ze zhentilman vil pleas to step to ze front."

The stranger modestly declined.

"If ze zhentilman cannot come to me, I mus' come to him."

The audience took the "cue," and a general roar followed this announcement, pending which the gentleman made his appearance.

A round of applause greeted him as he passed to the foot of the passage-way, where stood monsieur in an attitude most provokingly grave, waiting for further explanation.

"Vot you sal, sair?"

"The '*Star Spangled Banner*,' I want."

"Scar tangle bannair? Aha! *N' comprende*, monsieur."

"Not *Scar Tangle*, sir,—Star Spangled Banner."

"Ze *Banner!* Oui,—I un'erstan',—ze flag!"

"Yes, yes, the flag of the United States."

"Yes, *sair!* I remember him, vor' mooch. Zat is, I do *not* recollec' him, zacly. Monsieur, *you* know him?"

"Why, yes, to be sure,—everybody knows the '*Star Spangled Banner*.'"

"*Tres bien*, monsieur! Every Yankee zhentilman *visale. You sal visale him in my car!*"

Another shout went up from the audience, but the gentleman, nothing abashed, placed his mouth at the side of Bochsa's head, and commenced whistling the "Star Spangled Banner" most coolly and philosophically, amid the convulsive shouts of the audience, who could not find the scene upon the bills of the evening.

"Tres bien, monsieur!" vociferated Bochsa; "elegant, *superb!* Monsieur, you von ver' fine *musician*. I sal play ze *Scar Tangled Bannair* vis moch plaisur!"—and mounting the platform, he commenced with a grand introduction to the several melodies proposed, which was followed by some highly-finished and exquisitely performed variations upon the airs sent up, not forgetting the two "Yankee Doodils," always so certain a favorite.

On a sudden, a crash of harmony leaped from the harp strings, taking the audience by surprise. An instant's rest followed, when our own beautiful national air, the "Star Spangled Banner," was produced with a most brilliant accompaniment, which "brought down the house."

The volunteer who had whistled the air for the harpist now saw that he was the victim of Bochsa's practical joke, but good-humoredly applauded with the rest.

Bochsa was satisfied; the audience was pleased; and the splendid performer left the stage (with a quiet smile at the corner of his mouth) amid a perfect storm of plaudits!

☞ An advertising people are always thrifty. The enterprise and energy that prompt them to push forward in the race and keep themselves and their business before the eyes of the world insure them against failure. It would be difficult to point to a single instance of great success in trade that has not been won through the valuable medium of the advertising columns of the press. Our most famous houses in every branch of business are those which have expended fortunes as advertisers, and persevered until they have forced patronage from the public. The American people are beginning to understand these truths, and advertising is now as much a necessity of business life as are the railroads and the telegraph.

☞ A western theatrical manager has a knack of "doing" people out of their salary. A young actor from New York, who had joined his company, ventured, after two weeks' engagement, to hint that he would like his money. "What!" exclaimed the indignant manager, "you ask me for salary, after the characters I have given you? The fact is, my dear sir, the man who plays *Claude Melnotte* and other *lovers* ought not to expect any salary!" "Yes," said the light-waisted youth, "but my board is due, and I shall get turned out of my boarding-house; and the truth is, I have nothing to eat." "Keep cool, my boy!" replied the manager, "blackberries will soon be ripe!"

☞ Somebody compares Newport to a toad, that sleeps all winter and gives hops in the summer.

☞ There are three degrees of critical expression: Criticism—hyper-criticism—and viper-criticism.

☞ It is true of many persons that their memory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on.

☞ A women of miscellaneous affection says she would rather have six husbands than one child.

☞ Never chase your hat when it blows off in a gale of wind; just stand still and you will presently see half-a-dozen persons in pursuit of it. When one has captured it, walk leisurely toward him, receive it with grateful acknowledgement, and place it on your head; he will invariably act as if you had done him a favor. Try it.

☞ Buckle argues that the best legislation of modern times has consisted in undoing former legislation.

☞ Never cross a bridge before you come to it; thereby you will save half the troubles of life.

☞ When Adam and Eve partook of the tree of knowledge, did they study the higher branches?

☞ An illustrated Paris paper publishes engravings of the feet of certain famous ballet girls, who, it is said, have to pay a round price for the insertion. Some of the young ladies refuse to furnish pictures of their feet.

Joseph Burnett & Co.'s Preparation.—Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the celebrated preparations of this well known firm. They are fully established as goods of high order and are endorsed by competent judges as possessing the merits claimed for them, especially their Cocoaine for the hair.

What is this Marvelous Antidote to Disease

Which, for TWENTY YEARS, has been winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people" under the name of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS?

It is an infusion of the most excellent tonic, anti-bilious, anti-scorbutic and alterative herbs, roots and barks, in the purified spirituous essence of Rye.

HOW DOES IT OPERATE?

This question may be briefly answered as follows? It operates

As a.....Powerful Invigorant.
As a.....Preventive of Fevers.
As a.....Genial Stomachic.
As an.....Anti-spasmodic.
As a.....Gentle Purgative.
As a.....Promoter of Appetite.
As a.....Cure for Indigestion.
As an.....Acclimating Medicine.
As a.....Safeguard against Malaria.
As a.....Remedy for Low Spirits.
As a.....Specific for Fever and Ague.
As a.....Cordial for the Aged.
As an.....Antidote to Sea Sickness.
As an.....Anodyne for the Sleepless.
As a.....Wholesale Stimulant.
As a.....Balm for the Weary Brain.
As a.....Relief in Bodily Anguish.

And as a PROTECTION TO HEALTH AND LIFE under all depressing and devitalizing influences.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the only tonic in existence, based upon a spirituous medicine, that is ABSOLUTELY PURE. sep5-4t

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Doloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar3-eowtf

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 Cents. Three *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. je27-tf

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those known Discolorations on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. ☞ Sold everywhere. sp11-6m

B. T. Babbitt's Articles of Every Day Use.

Family and *Toilet Soaps*. The very best.

Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.

Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.

Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated*.

Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.

Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. Babbitt. feb29-1y

Holloway's Pills.—Long life is best secured by carefully regulating the functions of digestion, circulation, secretion and excretion, and as this medicine acts upon the stomach, liver, blood and bowels, it may be justly called a life-lengthening curative.

Eruptions of the skin caused by working with poisonous drugs or chemicals, boils, old sores, bruises, burns, flesh wounds, piles, &c., yield to the healing properties of Russia Salve. Sold everywhere. Redding & Co., Proprietors, Boston, Mass. By mail 35 cents a box.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. Sylvester K. Ferras to Miss Anna E. Comisser, both of this city.

On the 26th of Aug., by the Rev. A. Atwood, John P. Henry to Sallie D. Etter, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. Samuel L. Higbe to Miss Lydia A. Jeffers, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Burton J. Kollock, Mr. Robert M. Smith to Miss Caroline Kiefer, both of this city.

On the 27th of July, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, D. D., Mr. Aaron Height to Miss Mary E. Arnold, both of this city.

On the 10th of June, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. William Howell to Miss Anna E. Rice, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, Mary H., wife of Howard Thompson, in her 32d year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. Mary Schooley, in her 70th year.

On the 7th instant, Samuel Maupay, in his 55th year.

On the 7th instant, Selina V., wife of Adolph E Fossard, in her 25th year.

On the 7th instant, Elizabeth Ball, in her 76th year.

On the 6th instant, Sarah E., wife of Charles H. Moore, in her 26th year.

On the 6th instant, Mason W. Matlack, in his 44th year.

On the 5th instant, James G. Osborn, in his 45th year.

On the 5th instant, Joseph R. Mitchell, in his 76th year.

TOO LATE!

And so she has passed away from this world
of sighs and tears;
Buried with kindred dust, 'neath the shade
of the dark yew-tree:
She, the dream of my life, through the mazy
length of years—
She, with her smiles of peace, like the calm
of a crimsoned sea.

You tell me I am too late; she has gone to
the Silent Land;
Too late for the last farewell of her whom I
loved of yore:
She has entered on death's lone sea, while
here in my grief I stand,
Piercing the gathering gloom from a cold
and dreary shore.

We parted two summers ago, in the twilight
soft and still,
We kissed by the garden gate, 'neath the
bright laburnum-tree;
With the lustrous evening-star o'ertopping
the distant hill,
And the moonbeams all asleep in the calm of
the azure sea

Often since then, on the deck, I have gazed
with tearful eyes,
Long on these tokens of love—that picture
and lock of hair;
Then I've softly murmured her name 'neath
the calm of the star-lit skies,
And fervently breathed it to God in the
voice of my evening-prayer.

Too late!—she is now 'neath the mould, in
her silent and holy rest:
I almost dreaded as much as we slowly en-
tered the bay;
For a languishing feeling of grief kept lin-
gering round my breast,
Like the overwhelming haze of a hot and
sultry day.

Too late!—yet not too late!—to hear that
her latest breath
Was spent in breathing my name when her
soul had almost flown:
Oh! *not* too late to hear of a love that out-
lives death,
And opens the door of a tender heart to one
and one alone!

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
AUTHOR OF "HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY," "THE DEAD MAN'S RULE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Sir Edric England, baronet, lounging in a window of his club on Pall Mall, was making remarks on the passers-by—remarks which were rendered almost inaudible by the hearty bursts of laughter elicited from a group of young men at another window by a slender, very youthful-looking man, who was reclining at his ease against the well-stuffed cushions of a luxurious lounge, with an air of languor oddly at variance with the very witty words which slid lazily from his half-closed lips.

"Queer that there should be a statue of Mercury at his head, isn't it?" said Sir Edric in a pause which ensued.

"Why?" asked the speaker, with a momentary flash in his indolent eyes.

"Mercury, you know, was the god of—of—well, we will call it exaggeration, and that last was an outrageous story."

"Prove it," said the other, quietly.

The baronet moved uneasily in his chair, and looked foolish.

"He can't do it," said the group of admirers, exultantly.

St. George Althorpe was too well accustomed to victory to be moved by this petty triumph. His career had been one of uninterrupted success. He played better, (billiards, etc.,) danced better, sung better, fenced better, and was a better shot than any one of his "dear five hundred friends." He was proficient in everything which required grace and skill, but was no athlete; his characteristic indolence prevented this, although all good judges averred that he might be first in every athletic exercise, so splendid and compact was the set of muscles with which Nature had furnished his slender, symmetrical figure.

"What's the use in having such muscles?" said an acquaintance who was a famous boxer, running his finger down the firm, supple arm, whose rounded outline was plainly visible under the delicate texture of the sleeve of his dandified coat. "Why, you might fell an ox with them, or beat the world in a rowing-match."

"I am not partial to beef," said St. George, languidly; "and I find these same muscles necessary to enable me to walk or dance with ease—"

"Or to roquet-croquet a ball for a pretty girl," said the other, sarcastically.

"I generally make a good stroke," responded St. George, whose flirtations quintupled his years, and who pursued a pretty girl, or any other novelty, with ardor as long as the first freshness lasted.

"How many sacrifices did you make on the altar of Venus while you were abroad, St. George?" asked one of his admirers pending the silence which followed the baronet's defeat.

St. George's friends had an odd habit of considering all his personal triumphs as reflecting glory upon themselves, and pluming themselves accordingly. But as he could never be induced to refer to them himself, the result of questioning him was usually unsatisfactory.

"Five hundred times," said St. George, "and the goddess deigned no reply." And his admirers, receiving this answer, never doubted, not only that the number of flames kindled equalled this amount, but that as many broken hearts lined the conqueror's path on the continent.

"Did you find any new perfume in Paris?" was the next question.

To this St. George's reply was the production of a handkerchief dainty enough for the nose of Queen Mab, and having three initials in an elaborate crest. He was quite Roman in his love of perfumes, and his taste in this, as in everything else, was considered unexceptionable.

"Delightful!" said the owners of the noses to which the fragile cambric had wafted the faint fragrance of which it was redolent. "Bouquet de what?"

St. George shook his head.

"I wonder," said a tall guardsman, unthinkingly crushing the handkerchief between his large hands, "if this is not the bouquet de St. George of which Charley wrote me. You must know that the beautiful daughter of a famous perfumer—"

St. George reddened, and turned quickly towards the guardsman.

"My handkerchief, if you please."

The guardsman, instead of complying, spread it carefully over one large hand, as if on a frame, and said, "Hillo! Marie de ——"

St. George dexterously caught it before he could conclude.

"I have some new styles of scented soap to which you are welcome, Markham," said he, with a significant glance at the cloudy fingers and blackened nails of the offender.

The guardsman blushed, and stammered something about "driving a drag," "dogs," and "effeminacy."

"I hope I am a Christian," said St. George, "and 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' you know. Even the followers of Mahomet connect purity of the body with purity of the soul."

The guardsman was silenced, and retreated to the background, thus preventing further disclosures.

"But *you are a dreadful dandy*, St. George," said Sir Edric; and he did somewhat resemble that dapper archangel of Michael Angelo whom Hawthorne satirises as the dainty wearer of a "perfectly-fitting, sky-blue tunic of the latest celestial cut." But there are some bodies framed for the luxuries of life to whom the contact of a crumpled rose leaf will cause more anguish than did his gridiron to St. Lawrence, and should we grudge to them continued sunshine, while we stand in the storm which our harsher frames are fitted to endure?

"Why don't St. George undertake the Dragon?" said a young guardsman, with a lisp, and a face which a reddish moustache strove to redeem from utter inanity.

"A very good idea," said Sir Edric; "wonderfully good for an emanation from *your* brain, Everard."

St. George opened his sleepy blue eyes to an unusual width.

"What dragon?" said he.

"The one which guards the Hesperides," said Sir Edric; "literally a *golden* fruit. So couch your lance, most saintly knight, and forward."

"An heiress?" interrogated St. George.

"Not only an heiress, but a beauty; and not only a beauty, but young, oh, ye gods! and fresh, and most bewitchingly innocent of the wicked wiles of this evil world."

"And the Dragon?"

"A Gorgon in a widow's cap, and a straight and sanctified gown of some black abomination whereof I know not the name. A walking tombstone, looking at which one sees inscribed upon its surface not the virtues of the dear deceased, but a warning catalogue of the woes he must have endured when living, and is impelled to exclaim 'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'"

"She cuts a feller up so that he feels n—a—like sausage-meat, by Jove!" said young Everard, weakly tweaking the drooping ends of his moustache.

"Look out, you'll burn your fingers, Ev!" A favorite joke, at which every one roars in concert but St. George, who never laughs at any ordinary witticism, and Sir Edric, who seems absorbed by recollections of past terrors of the Dragon.

"The Dragon has a sting, then?"

"I should think she had," said Sir Edric. "You know that I'm not very easily put out of countenance—"

("Brass?" interpolated St. George,) "but that woman will send all my wits flying to the four points of the compass with her confounded sarcasms."

"Perhaps she thinks the gold more attractive than the youth, beauty, etc."

"She actually had the impudence to tell me one day that it was very much against her wishes that Ernestine came to London, as she was well aware what a place it is for fortune-hunters; and I know she pumped old Grumpy about my affairs, and found out how dreadfully in debt I am."

"*Are* you in debt?" asked St. George in a low tone. "Then you need be in that condition no longer."

"What do you mean?" said the baronet, eagerly.

"I mean that anything I have is at your service." And while Sir Edric was pouring out protestations of undying gratitude, and wringing St. George's hand until it was purple, he said, "You know that my income more, much more than meets all my requirements, and whatever is over and above is heartily at the service of those who need it more than I do—so," he continued in a more languid tone, "no thanks are necessary. My sufficiency of this world's goods will be favorable to a successful tilt against the Dragon, as she will not be apt to consider me to be in pursuit of the young lady's fortune. What is her name?"

"The Dragon's?"

"The heiress."

"Chalcedon."

"Chalcedon! Her estate joins one of mine in ——shire. In fact the village between is Althorpe—cum—Chalcedon. Isn't this a coincidence? I can introduce myself as a neighbor, and, a—hence, the conjunction seems ominous."

"Don't be mean, St. George. *You* don't need an heiress."

"I hope," said St. George, "that *you* do do not wish to marry this young lady *merely for her money*."

"I—I?" stammered Sir Edric—then, calling up an injured look, "I can't think what cause I have given you to suspect me of such a design."

"I *do* think better of you, Edric," said St. George, after a short pause; "but, what you said about my having no need of an heiress—"

"One of my jokes, Sainty. Now, don't call up virtuous indignation, and proceed to sit, coroner-like, upon the mangled remains of my slain honor."

"I trust you, Edric," said St. George, "and you know me."

"For the best fellow in the three kingdoms," said Sir Edric, laughing; "and now 'St. George for Merry England!'"

That night, at the opera, St. George, calmly scrutinizing through his lorgnette the faces, known and unknown, which presented themselves in the brilliant half-circle of diamonds and flowers, velvets and laces, was attracted by a sparkling brunette beauty in a white lace dress and scarlet wreath, whose companion wore a widow's cap, over which some black lace drapery was thrown, partially shading it and her face. The cap was not of the dainty Marie Stuart form, allowing the waves of the hair and the contour of the cheek to be plainly visible, and in some cases ensnaring the living while seeming to mourn the dead, but its quilled borders met under the chin, closely concealing the hair, and imparting a more death-like appearance to the very pallid face, with its heavy, dull-looking eyes, and set mouth.

"There," said Sir Edric, who was in the same stall with himself, "there is the dragon, guarding the golden fruit as usual, and freezing every one in the vicinity with that stony glare of hers."

"The one with the black head-gear, is it not?" said St. George. "She looks as if she had just been exhumed after having been buried a month. She is horrible. If I were at all imaginative I should suppose her to be a vampire."

"What, a *but*?" said Sir Edric, whose reading was principally confined to betting-books; "that black lace affair represents the wings, I suppose?"

St. George did not take the trouble to undeceive his friend, but continued to look in the direction of the widow for so long a time that several bets were made on the spot that "The Invincible" would, in sporting phraseology, "enter" for the heiress in a given time.

"What'll you bet he wins?" said Captain Augustus Fitzsophet, leaning across his pretty companion to speak to the Hon. John Brancknee in the adjoining box.

"A cool hundred," said the Hon. John, drawing out his tablets. "What the deuce is he called "The Invincible" for, if he don't win?"

"Don't know, I'm su-uh," said the Captain, and the Patti commencing one of her bewildering roulades, every one's attention was drawn to the stage for a time.

When, between the first and second acts, Sir Edric and St. George were seen to leave their own loge and approach that of the heiress, a great many pairs of eyes followed them and watched the subsequent introduction, and the cool, matter-of-fact manner in which St. George seated himself by the Dragon, and turning completely towards her, gave her his full face, with the irresistible glances of his gentian blue eyes, the expressive play of his somewhat haughty mouth, and the sweet and persuasive accents of his well-modulated voice.

It is said that one of the first elements of success is perfect confidence in one's self, and St. George had not been called "The Invincible" for several years without having arrived at a proper sense of his own powers of fascination.

"Have you been in town since the beginning of the season?" inquired St. George in his most persuasive tones—tones which had never failed to thrill the heart of every woman to whose ears they had been addressed.

"We have," briefly responded the Dragon, in a voice as frigid as her face.

"London has been remarkably full this season, I believe?"

"I do not know. Miss Chalcedon can tell you, I presume. Ernestine, Mr. Althorpe wishes to know if London has not been remarkable for fools this season."

Miss Chalcedon opened her great black eyes in astonishment, St. George grew very red, Sir Edric giggled behind his opera-glass, and the Dragon continued, "Perhaps you do not know, Ernestine, but I thought that you had captured several fine specimens of the genus."

It was now Sir Edric's turn to rage silently, and St. George threw himself into the breach with, "Pardon me, but Mrs. Halford was mistaken in my inquiry, which was simply if London was not very full this season."

"I beg you will excuse me," said the Dragon, "but when I come to the opera my ears are very obtuse to everything but the music."

"A polite hint for me to hold my tongue," thought St. George. "What a dragon she is!" And, leaning back, he folded his arms and watched the beautiful Ernestine, whose bright tints looked still more warm and glowing by contrast with her grim duenna. Although rebuffed, St. George was not discouraged in his attempt to conquer this formidable dragon. He was silent now, for the music of the opera had re-commenced; and turning to take up his lorgnette, he caught Mrs. Halford's profile. He had often asserted that, apart from some types of Grecian sculpture, one never found a perfect profile—there would always be some slight deviation from absolute accuracy—slight, but sufficient to mar the effect of the whole. But *this* profile was perfection—there was nothing to interrupt the extreme regularity of the line of the brow, nose, mouth and chin. It was even a youthful profile, for the lips had relaxed in their severe compression, giving a full outline, with a slight upward curve at the corners, and the chin was rounded and firm.

On the stage the wicked nuns surrounded Robert with soft, alluring gestures; but St. George saw not the infernal ballet, he was so occupied in trying to reconcile the anomaly which the Dragon presented.

Every one knows the mesmeric influence exercised by a steady, direct gaze, and Mrs. Halford, turning suddenly, encountered his persistent stare. For an instant her cheek blazed, and her eyes flamed, giving to the full face the youthful expression of the profile, but the next moment it was the stony mask, with dull, heavy eyes, and set mouth, which had responded unsmilingly to his first question. He felt singularly attracted to this woman who carried the features of youth under the coloring and outline of age; and while his eyes were apparently occupied with the pageantry of the stage, his mind had reverted to that mysterious female head which looks with eyes of unutterable sadness over the wide Egyptian sands, and he thought, "I should say that some great sorrow had frozen this woman in her youth, acting like petrifaction, which retains the original moulding of the features, with the sunken outlines and depressed eyes of the dead." He tried, in vain, to obtain another glimpse of her features. By a slight motion of her head, she shook her black draperies forward, so as completely to conceal her face, and sat thus, without speaking, until the close of the opera.

That night St. George dreamed that he was standing on the plains of Ghizeh, near the great pyramid of Cheops. A door opening in the pyramid, he entered and found it illuminated by a thousand lamps suspended by brazen chains from the extended hands of as many statues of Egyptian kings. The lamps, which had burned blue and ghastly when he first went in, now diffused a soft, rose-colored light, by which he saw, reclining in the centre of the royal circle, a figure veiled from head to foot. He approached, and raising the veil, met the awful features and fixed gaze of the sphynx; but, while he looked, the eyes melted into the dark witchery of Cleopatra's, the firmly closed mouth curved into an enchanting smile, the stony bosom palpitated with life, and a pair of beautiful, white arms stretched towards him; while bending to meet the offered caress, one of the lamp-bearing monarchs strode silently from the majestic circle, and pressing his granite hand upon his shoulder, bore him to the earth, slowly, but surely, until he felt himself sinking into a fathomless abyss, and looking upward, saw the beautiful sphynx standing, with clasped hands of agony, and lips distended with a soundless cry, and following him with her unfathomable eyes. With a mighty effort he sprang to meet her, and as his hands touched warm, polished shoulders, he awoke. The witching loveliness of the Sphynx of his dream was so impressed upon his imagination, that a ride in Hyde Park upon a horse whose high mettle required his constant attention was not sufficient to dispel it, and the sight of the eagerly looked for carriage of Miss Chalcedon gave him quite a shock when it disclosed the haggard features of the Dragon, dimly seen through her limp, crepe veil, instead of the Cleopatra-like face of his vision. Sir Edric England was also in the carriage, but as *he* looked very red, and *the Dragon* wore an expression of satisfaction, as of one who had discomfitted an adversary, St. George judged that his friend's position was not as agreeable as one would at first sight be led to suppose.

Having subdued his horse that, by rearing, as the carriage approached, had assumed the very attitude in which St. George's charger is usually represented in that saintly knight's attack upon the dragon, our St. George gracefully saluted both ladies, raising his hat with one hand, while he controlled his unruly steed with the other. He sat his horse admirably, and the wind taking his short, black curls, raised them picturesquely, baring his broad forehead, and uncovering his small, beautifully formed ears. With his blue eyes shining, a slight flush on the clear pallor of his complexion, and his handsome, haughty mouth now smiling benignantly, it was not surprising that Miss Chalcedon's bright eyes should regard him kindly, that Sir Edric should look slightly jealous, and that the Dragon's heavy orbs should display that momentary illumination which seemed the ignis-fatuus of her lost youth. St. George caught the ray, and our modern Alexander actually thought he saw a new world to conquer in this poor, wasted province, over which some terrible flame of passion seemed once to have passed, scorching and searing all the roses of youth and beauty which had made it "pleasant to look upon, and to be desired." The conqueror's head was held an inch higher—oh! man's vanity!—and "The Invincible," who could command the hand of an earl's beautiful daughter, actually felt elated by the thought that he had secured a semblance of interest from a faded, Gorgon-faced widow, without crinoline, and with a voice like an Iceland winter. But then, to him she was a sphynx, whose stony outlines held the supple limbs, the rounded shape, the enchanting lips and eyes of a Cleopatra—and he was sure that the statue would utter sweetest music when the rays of a yet unrisen sun should dawn upon it. The fable of the statue of Memnon he thought to be an allegory, but what that sun was to be his vivid imagination had not yet arranged from the chaotic elements, misty and undefined, which presented themselves to his "mind's eye." Then an illustration of the fable, which he had heard, recurred to his recollection with lightning-like suddenness, and coloring deeply, he paused to analyze his feelings. Why was he so interested by this woman? Were a youthful profile and a dream sufficient cause to warrant his strong desire to see her again, and again to hear her speak? He tried to look at her with the eyes of other young men, and see in her a plain dependant, a paid duenna, an unbearable fright with the sting of a scorpion; but he could not; she was still to him a mystery, an apparent sphynx in which was hidden the bewildering loveliness of the Egyptian Queen. "I am still under the influence of that dream," he thought, "and indeed it was so real that I feel as if I now were dreaming, and should again awaken in that old pyramid and the arms of my beautiful sphynx."

While these thoughts were passing through his mind he was riding silently by the side of the phaeton unheeding Miss Chalcedon's bright glances, or Sir Edric's evident uneasiness at his vicinity, and its consequent effect upon the heiress. He now allowed the carriage to precede him for a short distance, and taking a card from his pocket, wrote a few words upon it in pencil, and then riding forward, contrived to convey it to Sir Edric unseen by either lady. This was its purport—

"If you will exchange your seat in the carriage for mine on horseback, my horse and its accoutrements are yours."

Sir Edric's eyes sparkled; the horse was a magnificent one, and had been the envy of Rotten-Row for one entire week.

"St. George is looking as if he wished he were in my place," said he to Miss Chalcedon. "I will prove myself unselfish, and exile myself from Paradise to allow his entrance."

"There is room for both," said Miss Chalcedon.

"He probably thinks that two of them in Paradise would be too much for the angels," observed the Dragon.

"If he joins you in your drive, I shall have to take care of his horse," said the baronet, as the carriage stopped, and springing upon the horse, which St. George held for him to mount, he whispered. "I don't think you make by the exchange."

"Don't you?" said St. George, with his peculiar smile, and immediately assuming his friend's place in the phaeton.

"So your name is St. George, Mr. Althorpe?" said Miss Chalcedon. "I think that is charming. Do you ever expect to find a dragon?"

"They call *me* a dragon," said Mrs. Halford, coolly.

"Oh, no!" cried Miss Chalcedon, with an expression of horror, which was quite comic.

"I have certainly heard Sir Edric apply that title to me, and I think with justice. In his approach to the Hesperides, under my eyes, he undoubtedly feels like a naughty boy who is caught stealing apples."

"The Hesperides!" said Miss Chalcedon, inquiringly—and then, "If he calls you such names, it is because he does not know you, my own darling Gerald—" and the impetuous little beauty was about to throw her arms around her friend's neck.

"Not in public, Ernest," said the widow, restraining her. "You can devour the Dragon in the privacy of your boudoir."

"I will never speak to Sir Edric again," said the heiress, clenching her small, gloved hand, and stamping her foot.

"Don't fight any of my battles, Ernest; the Dragon always devours the wicked knights, in the story-books."

"And is conquered at last by St. George," said that young gentleman, audaciously.

"I advise you not to tilt at me," said the Dragon, coldly, "your armor is not strong enough."

"I have proved it too often to doubt its strength," said St. George, somewhat nettled by this remark.

"I feel very sleepy, Ernestine," said the widow, "will you excuse me if I lean back in this corner, and drowse a little?"

It was the first time that anything in the shape of a woman had ever ignored the fascination of St. George's presence, and his saintly prototype could not have been more astonished if his ringed adversary had dozed while the celestial blade was making acquaintance with his vitals, than was my hero by this manifestation of entire indifference to himself shown by one of the opposite sex. It would have been infinitely less mortifying to have been pelted by her sarcasms, or stabbed with one of those severe glances of which she was capable—and just after he had done her the honor to dream of her, and to be drawn towards her by that distrustful, half-fearful attraction which their mysterious sphynx-goddess exercised towards the ancient Egyptians.

"Perhaps she is only pretending to sleep," thought St. George, "that she may discover if I am a dangerous companion for her Ernestine."

In pursuance of this thought he watched her furtively while conversing with Miss Chalcedon, but was convinced by the ease and carelessness of her posture and her relaxed hands, that she was really sleeping.

Sir Edric, who did not wish to lose the opportunity afforded him by St. George's gift for the display of himself and his horsemanship, continued to keep by the side of the phaeton, making his horse prance and caracole, and although he did not dare to speak for fear St. George would consider him to be trenching upon his prerogative, yet contrived effectually to distract Ernestine's attention, as she expected every moment that the animal's hoofs would crash through the sides of the carriage.

"She can't keep her eyes off from me," thought the baronet, with infinite complacency, while making his horse curvet in a manner calculated to display the graces of his person. A slight gust of wind raised his hat from his head, and carried it some distance down the drive. The same wind blew aside the long, crepe veil of the slumbering Dragon, and revealed her face flushed with sleep, and wearing the same inexplicably youthful expression which had distinguished her profile at the opera.

The cool breeze blowing across her cheek awakened her, and she opened her eyes, liquid and shining like those in his dream, and, looking around her, as if in momentary bewilderment, met his fixed gaze, and reading in it some strange expression, bit her lip savagely, and straightened into frigid erectness. Her bitten under-lip, when released, remained scarlet and pouting, her eyes, burning with an angry flame, flushed like gems, and her cheeks, flushed with evident annoyance at his perusal of her face when exposed in the unconsciousness of slumber, were of a crimson unsurpassed by even Ernestine's brilliant coloring. She passed her hand over her face, breathed quickly several times, and when he looked at her again, she was again pale, leaden-eyed, and with her mouth set in still severer compression.

"I think we had better go home now," said Mrs. Halford, drawing her veil over her face.

The tide of carriages was rolling towards the gates, and, as they followed, Ernestine asked where Mr. Althorpe would be set down.

"At your own house," said St. George, "if a call from me would be no interruption."

"On the contrary, 'twould be very agreeable," Ernestine said.

The Dragon interrupted her. "You remember that you promised to call on Lady —— this morning."

"Oh, how provoking! Can't you call this evening, Mr. Althorpe?"

"With pleasure."

"But this evening we are going to the theatre," said the Dragon.

"You will accept of my escort, will you not?" said St. George, and Miss Chalcedon giving an unqualified assent, directed the coachman to drive to Lady ——'s house, from the steps of which she waved a graceful adieu to St. George, telling him not to forget the evening's appointment.

"Now, Mr. Althorpe," said Mrs. Halford, "if you will give John your number, he will take you there directly."

"Thank you, but I prefer going home with you."

"Do not strain your politeness so far. Two footmen are a sufficient escort for me."

"A queen is always accompanied by her court," said St. George, playfully, but looking intently in her face.

"What foolish old women you must have among your acquaintances, Mr. Althorpe! Do they swallow all that delightful flattery?"

"I know but one old woman, and that is my mother—but she is so lovely that flattery becomes truth when addressed to her."

"I suppose that her *son* resembles her," said the widow, with scornful emphasis.

"So it is said. Do you not find me very charming?"

"I am past the age of remarking young men much, except as I may find it unpleasant to see Miss Chalcedon surrounded by a set of brainless idiots."

"You should then advise her to cultivate *my* acquaintance as an antidote to the others."

"I think conceit argues want of brains."

"Certainly. Let us, therefore, be thankful that we are neither of us conceited."

"You called me a queen a short time since, sir. I should like to be Queen Elizabeth for a moment."

"You are more like Mary Stuart to me. But if you wish it, you may feign yourself Queen Bess, provided that I may represent Leicester."

"I was thinking of Essex, sir, whose ears were soundly boxed by her majesty."

"Your hand is very beautiful, madam. I am willing to play Essex at this instant."

Mrs. Halford was furious. The beautiful hands, of which St. George had spoken, trembled with anger, her eyes began to flash, and her cheeks to glow. Then she seemed to recollect herself, and sitting very erect, said—"I think the farce is played out."

"I quite agree with you," said St. George, "and now we will spend a quiet hour in your boudoir."

"You must know very little of fashionable life, Mr. Althorpe, if you expect Miss Chalcedon's governante to be possessed of a boudoir," said Mrs. Halford, as the carriage stopped, and St. George sprang out to assist her descent; but, without appearing to see his hand, she bounded to the ground, and ran up the steps—"James, show Mr. Althorpe into the drawing-room," and she disappeared.

St. George threw himself into a velvet

chair that extended its comfortable arms to embrace him, and while awaiting Mrs. Halford's reappearance, took up a novel which was lying on the table, and which chancing to be one of George Eliot's, absorbed his attention until a footman entered with a large silver salver, on which was arranged an elegant luncheon.

"Is not Mrs. Halford coming in soon?" St. George inquired.

"H'i don't know, sir. The '*ousekeeper* told me to carry this h'upstairs."

St. George put his hand in his pocket, and laid something bright in Plush's willing hand.

"Send Miss Chalcedon's maid to me."

"Certingly, sir," and Plush's silken calves tripped gracefully from the room, and in a few minutes there rustled in a pretty Frenchwoman with great, hoop-earrings, who greeted St. George with a supple bend.

"I have an engagement with the ladies this evening, Mademoiselle," said St. George, rising and addressing the girl with a grace which went directly to what a Frenchwoman calls her heart, "and as Miss Chalcedon is not at home, I would like to see Mrs. Halford a moment."

"She ees een the morning-room, M'sieur, I will speak to her."

"Take me to her, please," said St. George, "I do not wish to waste her time."

The girl hesitated. St. George threw a persuasive look into his beautiful blue eyes.

"At your pleasure, M'sieur. Follow me."

The girl opened the door of the morning-room, and stood aside to let him pass in.

The Dragon was sitting by a window filled with plants, busily engaged in sewing. She was not filling in a large piece of worsted-work with beads and floss, or imitating violets and trailing vines on Paris muslin, or making wonderful arabesques on white cashmire, but very prosaically darning a stocking. The stocking was gossamer, woven of rosy silk, and satin-clocked, and fitted very neatly over the "beautiful hand" which held it; but still, darning a stocking is not a very *graceful* feminine occupation, and the face which bent over it was very different from the fair, blooming faces which are usually inclined above the more dainty kinds of needlework just mentioned. But St. George's eyes passed from the face to the bend of the neck, the fall of the shoulders, and all the graceful lines of a figure which no crinoline disguised, and which was unmistakably that of a *young* woman, round, yet slight, with that suppleness which belongs to graceful youth alone.

Mrs. Halford raised her eyes, and seeing who had entered, forgot her usual dignity, and exclaimed in astonishment, "*You* here!"

"I am here," said St. George, shutting the door quickly. "I did not like to eat luncheon alone, and I am come down to invite you to lunch with me."

"I never eat at this hour."

"Will you not break through your rule in my favor?"

"You must excuse me."

"Very well, then, I will prefer the tete-a-tete conversation which we arranged while driving here, that is to say, a 'feast of reason,' to one of more material viands."

The Dragon threaded her needle, and did not appear to hear this remark.

"This is a delightful room," continued St. George. "I am very sure that your taste arranged it. I can even guess from the furniture and hangings what combination of colors you prefer."

The Dragon was still silent.

"It is rose and blue," said St. George. "I know that Miss Chalcedon did not choose them, for her eyes are too shallow to appreciate their artistic effect, and it was certainly not an upholsterer, for the innovation of established common place is too daring, consequently it must have been yourself."

"Your power of discrimination is quite wonderful," retorted his listener, with an undisguised sneer.

"Is it not so? It stands me in good stead sometimes in discovering false premises. Now, excuse me for mentioning it, but, owing to your style of dress, that close cap concealing your hair, and constant indulgence in some secret sorrow, you are generally supposed to be fifty, at least, when I can swear that you are no more than twenty-two."

St. George was not prepared for the paroxysm of rage in which the widow sprang from her chair and stood before him, trembling and flushing, her hands clenched together.

"How do you know— How dare you insult my sorrow? How dare you watch me and pry after me as you have done since I have known you? You are no gentleman. Your persecutions are infamous. You must never speak to me again."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Halford," said St. George, also rising. "We have met but twice, I believe, so that our acquaintance having been begun last evening, I certainly can have had no chance to pry after you. As to watching you when I am with you, it is an impulse which I cannot resist, for you fascinate me as no woman ever did before. I will acknowledge that I had no right to address to you such very personal remarks upon so short an acquaintance, but it seems as if I had known you always, so continually have you been in my thoughts since that night at the opera. I have even dreamed of you, and in that dream you were young and beautiful as—I am persuaded that you are."

"Look at me, if you please, then, and forget your hallucination. As I appear, so I am. Be assured that I am no youthful princess masquerading to elicit my true knight's chivalry, but an old and stricken woman, with no future but the grave, and, thank God! the life which begins beyond it.'

"I will not believe any one to be *old* who has such a figure."

"Sir, you are incorrigibly impertinent, and as I have no desire to take part in the farce of the Frenchman in love with his grandmother, I desire you never to speak to me again, as *I* have no intention of duplicating your title of *fool*."

"Now I am *sure* that she is young," said St. George to himself as she left the room. "She would not have flown into such a passion for nothing. By George, this is getting quite exciting." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A new married couple went to Niagara on a visit, and the gentleman, in order to convince his "dear" that he was as brave as he was gallant, resolved to go down into the Cave of the Winds. She of course objected; but finding that he was determined, affectionately requested him to leave his purse and watch behind.

☞ A man in Milwaukee, who had attempted to dispossess a colony of martins that had built their nests under his roof, was attacked and fairly driven off the field by the birds.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

"There she is, sir; that's she just off the pint there. She's a-coming stem on; and in half-an-hour, if she ain't on the sands, I'm a Dutchman!"

"Bang!" went the dull, smothered report of a heavy gun, and in the shade of the night I just caught sight of a faint flash of light. Where we stood, the spray came rushing in like a heavy storm of rain; while the whistling of the wind, and the thundering in of the huge rollers as they curled over and over upon the sands, tearing it out from among the clays, and scraping it away by tons, made standing in the face of such a storm extremely confusing; and yet hundreds were out upon the shore close under the great sand-bank, drenched to the skin with the spray, for the news had spread that a three-master was going ashore.

Going ashore! Simple words to a landsman's ear; but what do they mean? The noble vessel tearing and plunging through the broken water—now down in the trough of the waves, now rising like a cork upon the white crest, and then a shock as she strikes upon the sand and seems immovable; a shuddering quiver through plank and beam; and then crash, crash, crash—mast after mast gone by the board; a wild, wild cry for help; and then the shore strewed with fragments, casks, bodies, as the merciless waves sport with them, tossing them on the sands, and then curling over to drag them back. Going ashore; not safety from a wild storm, but death.

"Ah!" said the old salt by my side, shouting at me with his hand to his mouth, "did yer hear that gun?"

I nodded.

"There goes another," he continued, stretching out his hand and pointing to where the flash could be seen, while, directly after, came another dull, heavy report.

"Can't yer see her now, sir?"

Mine were not sea-going eyes; but I just managed to make out a dark mass right out amongst the boiling waves, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of those on board.

"She must come to it," said the man; "she'll come in just there;" and he pointed to a spot among the waves where they seemed roughest; "she'll be there in less time than I said; and then, Lord have mercy upon 'em! Amen!"

As he said this, the old man reverently took off his tarpaulin sou'-wester, and stood with the storm tearing through the remains of his grizzly hair; bald, rugged, and weather-beaten, the coarseness of his features seemed for the moment subdued—softened by the feeling within his breast—as he stood there no inapt representation of a seer of old.

"Is there no chance for them?" I shouted.

The old man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"Precious little," he said, "unless them chaps come down with the life-boat; but who'd go out?"

It did look a dangerous venture, indeed, to attempt to launch a boat with such a sea on, and having no reply, I stood shading my eyes and gazing out to sea.

"Bang!"

There was another flash, and another dull, echoless report, and as the veil of spray seemed to clear during a lull in the storm, I could perceive a large vessel about five hundred yards from the shore.

"God help them!" I muttered.

"Amen!" said the old man; and just then, away to our left, we saw the life-boat carriage coming down at a trot, drawn by two stout horses; while a loud and prolonged "hurray!" welcomed its arrival, as another flash and its following heavy report, seemed to come from the doomed vessel like a groan of pain in its hour of sore distress.

"They'll never go out to her," said the old man, shouting in my ear, for, after the lull, the storm came down with redoubled fury—the wind shrieking and howling past, cutting the crests of the waves off as it came tearing over the hill of waters, and dashing the salt spray in my face till it almost seemed to cut the flesh; while at times the women who had come down were completely held back against the steep sand-bank.

"There, look there!" cried the old man, suddenly seizing my arm. "Catching at straws. Why, there is a boat-load coming ashore. There, don't you see—now a top o' that breaker?"

I caught sight of a small boat crowded with figures, and then there seemed to be a tall wave curl over it, and I saw it no more.

"Gone!" said the old man. "I knowed it. Nothing could live in such a storm."

"Let's go to the life-boat, and see if they are going off," said I.

But the old man was intently gazing out to sea.

"There, just as I said," he shouted, hoarsely; "just in the place. She's struck."

And then above the yelling of the storm we could hear a crash, and a wild shriek, that seems to ring through me now upon a stormy night, when far inland I listen to the howling wind.

"It's now or never!" said the old man, as he ran towards where the life-boat stood upon its carriage, with a crowd of men and women around; the women hanging on to their husbands, and apparently begging that they would not attempt the perils before them.

The sea had looked fearful enough from where we stood before, but here, as close as we dared go to the breakers, it looked perfectly awful, while the attempt to launch a boat seemed absolute madness. It was evident that the men thought so too, though, as we came up, one sturdy fellow shouted—

"I'm ready, mates, if you are going."

This remark elicited no response, for every one stood stolidly looking out towards the doomed vessel.

Just then, in the dull haze seaward, a blue light shone out over the water like a dull star, but still no one moved. All at once the old man at my side laid hold of my arm and whispered—

"Give me a lift, sir;" and before I hardly knew what his object was, he had climbed by my help into the boat. "Now, then, you boys," he shouted wildly, "I can't stand this. Stand aside and let some of the old ones come."

The spell was broken. Women were hastily thrust aside, and a boat's crew was soon made up, amidst the shrieking and wailing of sweethearts and wives, who ran about the beach wringing their hands.

"Hurray for old Marks!" shouted a voice at my elbow, and the crowd loudly cheered the old man.

Then the oars were slipped and all made ready, the old sailor steering as he stood up in his place with a life-belt on and his hat blown off, looking nobler than ever.

"Now, are you all ready?" he shouted.

"No, no!" was the cry; and in the hush of expectation two men rose in the boat, dashed off their life-belts, and amidst half-muttered groans, leaped out from their places and ran up the sands to the bank, where they disappeared.

"Two more!" shouted old Marks, and for a few moments, so dread was the peril, not a soul moved; then two stout lads came running towards the boat, pursued by an elderly man, a perfect giant.

"Stop them!" he roared. "Yer shan't go, lads."

He came up to them by the boat-side as they were climbing in, and endeavored to stop their progress; but in his turn he was seized from behind by a couple of men, and the two new comers were, in a half a minute, equipped for the severe struggle before them and in their places.

"Let me go!" shrieked the man; but the others clung to him as the signal was given; the carriage backed down into position, the time accurately chosen, with a wild "hurrah" heard above the storm, the life-boat was launched.

My attention had been so taken up that I had ceased to look upon the man who was struggling to regain his liberty, but just as the boat was about to leave its carriage, a bystander was driven violently against me, and a moment after I saw a figure dash across the intervening space and seize the side of the boat; then came the roar of the storm and rush of spray, while for a few minutes the life-boat was invisible. Then a short distance off she was seen rising upon a wave, and then disappearing again into the dull haze which mingled with the night, shutting everything from our view but the foaming water.

"Over seventy, sir!" shouted a voice in reply to a query. "Old man-o'-war's man. Been in many a storm, but this here's awful."

Awful it was; for no wild a night had not fallen upon that part of the coast for many years, and as the folks upon the shore gazed in the direction the boat had taken, they shook their heads and shouted in each other's ears.

There was a long and awful pause, only broken by the shrieking of the wind, and then came a loud shout—

"Here she comes!" and in another minute, obedient to their steersman, the rowers timed their strokes to a second, so that the boat, heavily laden, rode in upon the summit of a giant wave so far that twenty willing hands were at her side, and she was run right up the sands, and fifteen shivering, half-drowned fellow-creatures lifted out and hurried up the shore.

"Now, my lads," cried old Marks, "on to the truck with her, and we are off again."

The boat was soon mounted, and every man at his post, the father and two lads taking a place by the side of the old coxswain, for no amount of persuasion on either side would effect a change.

There was another cheer, rising above the storm, and again the gallant crew were launched into the surf, that seemed to curl round the boat as though to fill it in an instant.

It rose and fell, a dark mass, amid the white foam for an instant, and then seemed to plunge into a bank of foggy blackness, for night had fallen.

I could not drag myself away from the stirring scene around me, for I seemed held to the spot by a strange fascination.

All at once a lurid light shot up, for a quantity of straw had been set on fire, and the flames roared and crackled as dry seaweed and pieces of wood were heaped up to increase the glare, which appeared to gild the crests of the waves, and throw into bold relief figures on the sands—some gazing out into the sea; some watching eagerly the fringe of breakers, ready to rush down and secure anything that might be washed ashore from the wreck.

More straw was heaped upon the fire, and the flames and sparks rushed inland, as they rose with the mighty current of air, and darted across the sandbank. Out seaward all seemed black darkness, and the eyes strained after the life-boat, were strained for awhile in vain.

All at once there was a cry of "Here she comes!" but it was prolonged into a wail of despair, for by the fire-light the boat could be seen broadside on, and close in shore, and then, after tossing about for a moment, she was dashed, bottom upwards, upon the sands.

There was a rush to aid the men struggling in the surf.

Some were dragged ashore, some scrambled unaided from the water, while more than one was sucked back by the undertow; but the life-belts they wore kept them afloat, and at last, more or less hurt, the whole crew were ashore—three being carried up to the village insensible.

I now learned that, about half-way to the vessel, the steersman's oar had snapped in two, and the boat fell into the trough of the sea; when, in their efforts to right her, a couple more blades were broken; a wave swept over them and washed two from their seats; but they regained their places, and then with the dread of death upon them, the boat became unmanageable in their hands; for in spite of the old coxswain, the men appeared panic-stricken, and rowed at random.

The light that glared upon the shore now showed that it was completely strewn with wreck; and I looked with horror upon the various signs which so plainly disclosed the fate of the good ship. Spar, plank, beam, and cask, entangled with rope, were being churned over and over in the sand; and twice I saw something dragged ashore and carried away, which sent a shudder through my frame.

At last, heart-sick and weary, I turned away, and inquired where the crew of the boat were, and who had suffered; when to my sorrow I learned that the only one seriously injured was old Marks, who had so gallantly set the example that evening—an example which had resulted in the saving of fifteen poor creatures from a watery grave.

On entering the village I soon found where the old man had been conveyed, and a few minutes after I was at the bedside of the sufferer. I found him insensible; but with a change in his countenance that no amount of pain or suffering alone would put there. He was quite calm, and smiled as I entered.

"Has she gone to pieces?" he whispered, stopping to wipe the blood away that oozed from his lips.

"I fear so," I replied; "the shore is strewn with the wreck."

"I knowed she would," he gasped. "Poor things? How many did we bring ashore?"

I told him fifteen.

"Ah!" he groaned, "not enough, not enough."

"But it was a most gallant act," I said; "and more would have been saved but for the accident. Where are you hurt? It is not serious, I hope."

"Serious?" he whispered; and then with a sad smile: "No; it ain't serious. I'm the only one hurt; and my time's up long ago—four years and more. So it ain't serious."

"Where are you hurt?" I said.

"Ribs all crushed," he whispered. "I was under the gunwale of the boat; and it's all over. I could see it in the doctor's looks."

A gush of blood stopped his utterance, and I dared not whisper the comfort I could not feel.

"It's all right, sir," he whispered, after lying with his eyes closed for about half-an-hour—"it's all right, and an old tar couldn't die better than doin' his duty. I never thought so, but I always felt as I should like to die in harness, as they say, and so I shall; but I wish there had been more."

"More what?" I said.

"More saved," he whispered. "Yer see I've been afore in action, and the Almighty only knows how many souls I've cut off, and I should like to feel sure I'd saved more than I did for, that's all. Perhaps they might go in the scale to help balance the bad."

"But you did all as a part of your duty."

"Ah!" he whispered, "duty. Yes, sailors should do their duty, and I felt it was mine to-night to go. We old men-o'-war's men were trained to answer to a call in calm or storm; and when lives were at stake to-night, I felt that I was called, and I hope I did my duty. Will you ask them fifteen to just say a word or two for the old man in their prayers, sir?—I mean, when I'm gone."

"Have you no relatives?" I whispered; "no friends that you would like to see?"

"Far away—far away," he said, with a mournful shake of his head; "and some are waitin' for me to join their watch. Don't leave me, sir," he said, piteously.

I promised I would not, and sat watching hour after hour, listening to the hard breathing of the sufferer, who seemed to sink into a state of stupor.

I stood gazing at the soft blue sky, now so placid and serene, almost wondering that so great a change could have taken place, when I started, for a voice behind me shouted—

"Morning watch. Draw the curtain and let that moon shine in."

I obeyed—turning cold and trembling as I did so—still looking at the dying sailor, who sat erect in the bed.

"Here," he said; and as I approached the bed he seized my hand. "Hark! don't you hear that? It's the boatswain piping for me to keep my everlasting watch. Ay, ay, sir! There—hark again! There's the waves a lashing upon the further shore. Breakers ahead! breakers ahead! Look out, there! The old vessel's struck, and she's going to pieces—the old seventy-four that's weathered so many a storm, going ashore. Farewell, messmates; one short struggle, one cold plunge, and a hopeful heart—a brave striking out through the breakers. Land, ho!—land, ho! on the other side—and it's a land of rest—a land of peace and hope. Now for it. The rush of the dark waters is coming—blinding—deafening—but a bold heart, messmate. God bless you. I'm going ashore."

For some minutes I sat motionless. The old man's eye had lighted up as he gazed straight before him, out upon the moonlit heavens. His voice seemed to peal through the silence of the night, till I shivered as he described the wreck then taking place. To the last word his voice had rung out loud and resonant, then he sank back motionless upon the pillow—stained now with his life blood; and I passed softly from the room, for I knew that his life-bark was stranded by the sea of death.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY CHARLES W. BREWSTER.

Within the old home looking-glass,
Another face I see
Than the one that forty years ago
Looked laughingly at me.
The eyes are somewhat dimmer now,
The cheeks have lost their glow
That spoke the flush of health and youth,
Some Forty Years Ago.

Is this the boy of bygone years—
This old and wrinkled form—
Who thought, with all youth's careless ease,
To take the world by storm?
Is this the head, white with the flakes
Of Age's falling snow,
That shone with wealth of golden curls
Some Forty Years Ago.

How rich in happy ignorance
Of the great world's care and strife,
When climbing, with high heart and hope,
The sunny slopes of life!
Now, standing near the mountain-top,
The green vales stretch below—
Where once I roamed with happy mates,
Some Forty Years Ago.

But up the steep and toilsome path,
With hearts and hands together,
Some dear old friends still climb with me
Through fair and stormy weather.
Others have fallen by my side,
And rest in peace below—
How changed the faces that I knew
Some Forty Years Ago.

And forty years have passed away
Since the moments seemed divine,
When one fair form in trembling trust,
Placed her dear hand in mine.
And, leaning her full heart on me,
In love's tones whispered low,
"I'll travel life's steep path with thee"—
Some Forty Years Ago.

And there she sits before the fire,
And still I think her fair,
For the sake of all our girls and boys
That clambered round her chair;
A deeper and serener love
Now bathes our hearts, I know,
Than the rapture wild that fired the breast
Some Forty Years Ago.

And though the path was rough and steep,
And strewed with joy and pain,
For all the happiness I've met
I'd tread that path again;
And though I see with other eyes
Life's panoramic show,
It's better than the world I knew
Some Forty Years Ago.

October woods are beautiful,
As are the leaves of Spring,
And if the years old joys entomb,
The years new pleasures bring;
Life's music's now a measured chant,
And not the lyric flow
To which the dancing pulse beat time
Some Forty Years Ago.

But what although the head turns white,
And cheeks grow pale and thin?
The light of love's perennial youth
May still shine bright within;
The small harebell in beauty blooms
Amid the Alpine snow—
Hearts may be fresh, if not so young,
As Forty Years Ago!

☞ An Irish magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the streets, asked, "If everybody were to stand in the streets, how could anybody get by?"

THE WHITE SQUAW.

A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DEATH AT THE STAKE.

At night they encamped in the forest.

Lighting no fires, lest the light might betray them to their enemies, they produced from their packs some dried meat and meal cake.

Cris did full justice to the humble fare, although he made rather a wry face at the gourd of spring water with which he was invited by his captors to wash down the frugal repast.

Mastering his aversion, he, however, managed to swallow a few mouthfuls.

Supper over, two of his captors wrapped themselves in their blankets, and immediately fell asleep. The other two remained awake, watching him.

Carrol saw that any attempt to escape under the eyes of the two Indians would be idle.

One he might have coped with, even unarmed as he was. Two would be more than a match for him, and he knew that on the slightest alarm the sleeping men would awake, making it four to one.

With the philosophy of a stoic he threw himself upon the ground, and also fell asleep.

He awoke once in the night to find that his guards had been changed. There was no better prospect of freedom than before.

"Durn them! they're bound to fix me, I kin see that plain enough. Besides, with these 'ternal all-fired thongs cuttin' into my elbows, what could I do?"

Apparently nothing, for with a muttered curse at his own stupidity, he again composed himself to slumber.

With the dawn of morning, Cris Carrol and his captors continued their journey.

They made no other halt before reaching the town.

Carrol in vain tried to draw from them the reason of their unexpected presence at so great a distance from the residence of the tribe.

They gave him no satisfaction.

He discovered, however, that whatever errand they had been sent on, they had failed in accomplishing it, and his own capture began to be considered by him as a peace offering with which they intended to mollify Wacorn's wrath at their want of success in the mission with which they had been charged.

"Wall," reflected he, "I suppose I'm in some poor devil's place; perhaps I mout take more pleasure in doing him this good turn if I only knowed who he is. No doubt he's got some folks as 'ud grieve over him, but there ain't many as will fret over Cris Carrol, not as I know on—yes, all right! go ahead. Let's go whar glory waits us, ye catawampous scamps, you. Ah! four to one; if it had been two to one, or, at a pinch three to one, I'd have tried it on, if it had cost me all I've got, and that's my life—yah! it's almost enough to make one turn storekeeper to think on't."

Unmoved by the taunts and jeers which Cris liberally bestowed upon them during the journey, the Indians continued to watch him narrowly.

It was about mid-day when they arrived at their destination.

On entering the Indian town Carrol was thrust into one of the houses, where he was left to await the order of Wacorn as to his final disposition. Four guards were kept over him, two inside the house, the other two without.

He expected immediate death, but he was left undisturbed for the rest of the day, and at night received some supper, consisting of dried meat, bread and water. He was then permitted to pass the hours till morning as seemed best to him.

The hunter soon arranged his plans. He wrapped the blanket that had been given him around his body, and in a few moments was in a sound slumber.

His sleep lasted until a hand upon his shoulder, along with a summons to awake, aroused him.

It was one of his guards of yesterday who addressed him.

"Come!"

"Is that you, old Dummy?" asked he, recognizing the Indian. "I can't say I'm glad to see you since you've broke in on the pleasantest dream I've had for a long time. But never mind, how shed you know that you war a doing it, you poor savage critter you, that don't know nothin' but to handle a tomahawk, and raise the hiar off a human head? What do you want with me now?"

"The warriors are assembled!"

"Air they? Wal, that's kind of them, only they needn't have put themselves out of the way to get up so early on my account; I could have waited."

"Come."

"Wal, I'm comin'; d'ye think I'm afraid, durn ye? D'ye think I'm afraid of you or all the warriors of your tribe, or of your chief, Wacorn, tither?"

"Wacorn is not here."

"Not here! Where is he?"

"I cannot answer the pale-face's questions. I come to bring you before the council."

"Wal, I'm ready to go afore the council."

As they were about to emerge from the house, a sudden idea seemed to strike Carrol, and he stopped his conductors.

"Say, friend, will you tell me one thing?"

"Speak!"

"Whar ar we?"

"At Okaski's town."

Carrol's face beamed with a sudden joy.

"And his son Nelatu—is this *his* home?"

"It is."

"Hurray! Now, I dare say you wonder at my bein' struck all of a heap wi' delight. But I'll tell you one thing, red-skin—no offence, not knowin' your name—you and yur three partners have taken a most uncommon sight of trouble all for nothin'."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this—go and tell Nelatu that Cris Carrol is the party as you sneaked up to and took prisoner, and arter that, streak it for your precious lives."

"Nelatu?"

"Yes, Nelatu, he's a friend o' this ole coon, and one that'll prove himself so, too, in givin' you skunks as took me a deal more nor you bargained for."

"Nelatu is not here."

"Not here? Why, didn't you tell me just now that this war his father's town?"

"I did; but Nelatu is not here."

"Not now, perhaps; but I s'pose he'll be here?"

"He will not return for weeks."

Carrol's countenance fell.

"Then, dog-gone your skin, lead on! I throw up the pack of cards now that the trump's out of them. 'Tis my luck, and it's the darndest luck I ever seed; there's no standin' agin it. I s'pose I must give in."

Without another word he followed his guards.

They entered the council chamber, where the assembled warriors awaited them.

With his foot upon the threshold, his manner entirely changed from the light, jeering hilarity he had exhibited to that of a calm and dignified bearing.

He saw in an instant that he was foredoomed.

The stern expression of his judges told him as much.

The mock ceremonial of examination was proceeded with, and a vain attempt made to extract from him intelligence of the movements of the whites, especially of the numbers and disposition of the Government troops, some of whom had by this time arrived in the peninsula.

His disdainful refusal to betray his own race did him no service.

True, he was already sentenced to die, but the manner of his death might inflict horror on him who had no fear of dying.

Though the questions were skillfully put to him, the old hunter saw through them all.

He did not, indeed, possess much knowledge of the military invasion; but had he been in the secret of the commanding officer himself, he could not have been more reticent in his replies.

Utterly foiled in their questions, the warriors played their last card, and with threats of the most terrible tortures endeavored to wring from his fears what his honor would not reveal.

Vain effort on their part.

Cris did, indeed, wince when they first spoke of torture; but, recovering himself, he became more proudly defiant than before.

"Ye may shake my old body with rackin' pains. I know you've got devil's inventions, and I don't deny but they're awful; but there's something about me that ye can't make tremble, not if all the imps o' hell war yer slaves—that's my soul. It'll come out of yer fiery ordeal as calm as it is now; and with its last thoughts it'll despise and dare ye! Cris Carrol arn't bin backwoods hunter for a matter goin' on forty year to be skeart at burnin' sticks or hot lead; and he'll die as he has lived, an honest man!"

A mingled murmur of admiration and anger ran through the assembled crowd, and it was evident that many of the warriors would have given their consent to his being set free.

There is something about TRUE courage which extorts admiration even from an enemy.

A hurried consultation took place among the head men in council.

It was speedily over, and the eldest of their number rose and pronounced sentence against the prisoner.

It was death by burning at the stake!

Cris Carrol was not surprised on hearing it.

The sentence had already lost half of its terror. He had made up his mind that this would be his doom.

Only one word of response came from his lips—"When?"

"*To-morrow!*" replied he who had pronounced judgment.

Without bestowing a glance upon those who had thus fixed the limit of his earthly career, the hunter strode from the council chamber with calm and measured steps.

As he passed out the crowd made way for him, and many of the faces expressed admiration—some even pity.

The stoic bravery of the Indian is marvellous, and for him death has no terrors. With them it is a sort of fatalism.

What they do not dread themselves, they make but light of in others.

For all that they have the highest admiration for a man who dares meet death calmly.

In their eyes the white captive had assumed all the importance of a great warrior.

Yet was he an enemy—one of the race with whom they were at war—therefore, he must die.

Thus strangely do civilization and barbarism meet on common ground.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

Cris Carrol's fortitude did not desert him, when he once more found himself alone in his prison.

He was not wholly unmoved by the reflection that on the morrow he must die; for it was a death such as even a brave man might not meet bravely, but a lingering death by torture.

The hunter knew what this meant.

"A bullet ain't nothin'," said he to himself, "it's into yer body afore ye knows it, and if it's in your vitals there's an end on it; but to stand up to be prodded with burning sticks, requires philosophy a'most as much as this hyar chile have got. Dog-rot it, it won't bear thinkin' on—that it won't. But I'll be all-fired eternally if them fellows shall know how it hurts Cris Carrol! So let 'em do their worst, durn 'em!"

After this self-consoling soliloquy, he calmly went to work to make himself comfortable, by laying his blanket on the bare ground and improvising a pillow out of some logs that lay within reach.

As he handled the billets, a strange desire seized him. It was to knock his guard's brains out and make a dash for liberty. But a moment's reflection convinced him that the attempt at escape would be futile, the men outside being doubtless prepared to oppose his exit.

A disinclination to shed blood uselessly decided him, and he lay down composedly after lighting his pipe.

For some time he ruminated on his condition, puffing curls of smoke into the air, and watching them as they disappeared.

Once or twice he heard a scratching noise near the corner of the room, but it ceased almost as soon as he had noticed it.

At length, giving way to weariness, he composed himself to sleep, and before long, his loud snoring suggested to his guards that they might relax their vigilance.

They accordingly retired outside the door, after having assured themselves that his slumber was genuine.

There were still four of them, and they began chatting to each other, for a time forgetting their prisoner.

He was at length awakened by a gentle tug at his arm, which had to be repeated several times before it had the effect of arousing him.

In an instant he sat up.

"Eh! what? By the eternal—"

An admonition of silence checked him, and he surveyed, with an astonished countenance, the cause of his disturbance.

In the darkest corner of the hut he perceived an opening, through which the face of a young girl was visible. He started on recognizing her.

"Hush!" she said, in a whisper. "Remember you are watched. Lie down again—listen; but say nothing. Ha! they are coming back!"

At these words the speaker withdrew, just in time, as two of the guards next moment re-entered the room.

They did not stay long. The heavy snoring which Cris improvised for them disarmed them of suspicion.

The moment they were again gone, he turned his eyes towards the opening, and listened.

"Do you know me?—answer by a sign."

Cris nodded in the affirmative.

"You believe I am desirous to serve you?"

To this question he almost nodded his head off.

"Listen, then, and be careful to obey my instructions. This opening leads into the next house. The exit from it is through another—unfortunately it is a public room; therefore, you cannot escape that way without as much risk as you would by going directly out by the door. Don't go that way, but by the window. You see that window?"

Cris looked up. He had seen the window certainly, and had already looked at it in every possible light, while considering a means of escape, but had come to the conclusion that it wouldn't suit.

In reply, he shook his head despairingly.

His visitor seemed to understand him.

"It is too high, perhaps?"

Cris intimated by a sign that the difficulty was not in its height.

"The bars would prevent you getting out?"

The hunter's head nodded like a mandarin's.

"Is that all? Then, I may as well tell you—Hush! some one is coming."

One of the sentinels had thrust his head inside the door; he luckily withdrew it, convinced that all was right.

On its disappearance Carrol's mysterious visitor returned, and resumed the conversation.

"You think those bars would hinder your escape?"

Another nod was the answer.

"You are mistaken."

The backwoodsman, now perfectly *au fait* with his pantomimic part of the dialogue, gave a modest but expressive look of dissent.

"I tell you you are mistaken," continued the young girl, "they are all sawn through. I see you are curious to know who did that?"

Cris said "yes," without speaking a word.

"It was I!"

"You?" he telegraphed.

"Yes; I was once a close prisoner in this very room—not watched as you are, but still a prisoner. I broke a watch to pieces, took out the main-spring, filed a saw with the nail-cleaning blade of a pen-knife, and with that I sawed away the bars, leaving barely enough to hold them together."

Carrol's look expressed astonishment.

"Yes; it *was* hard work, and it took *weeks to accomplish it. I dare say you wonder why I didn't make my escape.* That's too long a story to tell you now."

The backwoodsman's look was very eloquent, and his visitor equally quick of comprehension. By that look he asked a question—

"No; I'm not a prisoner now," she answered; "only in name. You shall have the benefit of my labors. But you must do everything cautiously. And first, to get rid of your guards."

"How was that to be done?"

It was the captive who asked himself this question.

"Here is a bottle," continued she, "it contains a sleeping draught. When they return, ask them for a drink; they will give it to you in a gourd; manage to pour the contents of this bottle into the gourd, and invite them to drink along with you. They will do so, as they never refuse a condemned captive. In a few minutes the draught will take effect. Then climb to the window, remove the bars without noise, let yourself down softly, and make your way straight into the forest. No thanks, till I see you again!"

With these words his visitor vanished, the opening in the wall closed noiselessly, and Cris lay wondering whether he had been sleeping or waking, listening to a soft, delicate voice, or only dreaming that he heard it.

The phial in his hand, however, gave token that he had not been dreaming. His visitor was no creature of another world, but one of this mundane sphere.

The hunter scratched his head with bewilderment, and mentally reviewed the situation—

"Wal, of all the surprisingest things as ever I met this air the most tremenjous. Bite me to death with gallinippers if ever I thought to have seed sich a thing and not yell right out! And me a lyin' hero when that splendiferous critter war a botherin' her brain to sarve this old sinner! It's the most eternal 'stonishing thing ever heerd on—that's what it is. Yah! so you're come agin, air ye?" he continued, as two of his guards re-entered. "Wall, I reckon I've got somethin' as 'ill suit your complaint. Come in, ye devils, you!"

The unconscious objects of this apostrophe having entered the room, seated themselves not far from him, chattering with each other. The subject of their conversation was uninteresting to their prisoner, who lay revolving in his mind what was best to be done.

The time for putting his plan into execution had at length arrived.

His sentinels had ceased conversing, and were, with difficulty, keeping themselves awake.

"Look hyar, redskins," he said, addressing them, "have ye sich a thing as a drop of water? I'm most chokin' wi' thirst, and I see it's no use waiting till you asks me, so I'll take the trouble off your hands, and axe you."

One of the Indians good-naturedly went outside, returning with a gourd, which he handed to the prisoner.

Cris raised it to his lips, and drank; then paused, as if for breath.

"By the eternal," said he, "if I didn't think I seed one of your comrades put his head in that thar door. What kin he want?"

The men looked in the direction of the door.

The contents of the phial were poured into the gourd.

When the Indians looked again at their captive, he was apparently enjoying another long draught of water.

Not a drop, however, passed his lips.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, after his seemingly exhausting imbibation, and with the greatest difficulty suppressing a grimace, "there's nothing like water to refresh one. It a'most gives a dyin' man new lease o' his life. I wonder I never tried it afore. There's a smack o' freedom about it that's worth its weight in gold. Try it yourselves, and don't stand staring, as if you was agoin' to swallow me."

The comical expression of their captive's face, more than the long speech he made to the two men, induced them to oblige him.

Putting their lips to the gourd, each took a draught of the water.

They did not seem to coincide with him in his opinion of its virtues.

The old hunter laughed in his sleeve on perceiving their wry faces.

"Don't like it, eh? Wal, you don't know what's good for ye. Poor benighted critters! how should ye?"

As he made the remark he fell back upon his log bolster, and again seemed to compose himself to sleep.

If the Indians had been somnolent before drinking the water, they were not rendered more wakeful by the indulgence, and it was almost ludicrous to see what useless efforts they made to battle against the potent narcotic.

In vain they talked to each other, got up, and paced the room, and endeavored to stand up without leaning up against the wall.

This struggle between sleep and watchfulness at length came to a close.

In less than ten minutes after taking the draught, both lay stretched along the floor in a deep, death-like slumber.

The backwoodsman lost no more time.

With an agile motion, he planted his feet in the interstices of the logs, and reached the window.

A slight wrenching of the bars showed the skill with which they had been sawn asunder.

One after another gave way, and the whole framework was in his hands.

He was on the point of dropping it gently, when outside under the window a human form appeared.

It was that of an Indian!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Behind the Scenes in the Theatre.

There are few persons, not connected with theatrical life, who, being lovers of the drama, do not long sometimes to peep at the mimic world behind the gaudy scenes, and see the actor as he is, divested of his paint and professional garb. The player lives in such a strange world, that we build up around him a pretty, romantic idea, and fall down and worship that creation of our own fancy; until viewing him as he is, and seeing with our own eyes the toilsome, weary life he leads, the many peculiar temptations he has, we come to know that he is but a man as ourselves, with the same feelings, the same aspirations.

Few actors off the stage like to talk "shop" to outsiders. Few of them carry the dust of the stage about with them in these modern days. It has been my fortune to have known and associated with a large number of these gentry. They have their faults and bad practices like other professional men—they sometimes ruin themselves by drink and riot; they are often careless of a good name, and reckless of the future; they are but men, like other men, a "mixture of the angel and the devil."

I have often thought, as I have stood at the prompter's table, or whiled away an hour in the green-room, or talked at the "wings," as the play was going on in front, with some stage king in his royal robes, or young Hamlet in his "inky cloak," that if the public, who were weeping before the footlights at the portrayal of dramatic wrong and misery and sorrow, could hear the remarks made by the actors themselves on the play, or the utter indifference they show just the moment they passed out of sight of the audience, they would save some of their feeling and sympathy for the sorrowing ones of real life, and not waste so much on these empty creatures of the drama. When seeing the play from behind it generally looks ridiculous, and to hear an audience thunder applause, or sob by the bucket-full, or go into convulsions of laughter, when the hard, forced art which produces it is plain to your sight, causing a feeling of disgust. Booth was playing the sombre "Stranger" one night at his theatre, and unusually effective, too, and the brilliant audience were "taking on" in a wild way. He came off from his powerful scene where the Stranger refuses to give the two children to their mother's care, and stood leaning against the wing watching Mrs. Farren personate the broken-hearted mother. It is a tearful scene, and plenty of tears were being shed in front. With a queer smile, Booth turned to my companion and myself and said: "I wonder what the audience think of this piece? Mrs. Haller, I take it, was nothing but a common woman; and the Stranger a confounded fool for not being glad he was well rid of her!" And in a moment afterwards the great actor was on the stage again, deep in his part, with a sad, dejected face, and tender, sorrowing words. Powerful, indeed, is art! I have seen actors come from the delivery of some fearfully passionate outburst, in which it would seem as if every nerve in their nature was put, and coolly join in a merry dance that was going on in the green-room. There is no sentiment behind the scenes. Acting is business; and as business the art is put into it; when it is finished, the actor drops right down from his stilts and becomes himself.

There is one good little story I will tell, before taking my readers behind the scenes at Niblo's, during a late performance of the "White Fawn," which I started out in this sketch to do. A well-known piece had been running at a Broadway theatre for some weeks, to the delight of the town. The "villain" of it was performed by one of the best of New York actors. After passing through a series of stage rascality the ruffian is brought up by a round turn and lodged in a prison, which opens into a court-yard, secured by a frowning wall. As the play goes, the prisoner bursts his prison door, removes his fetters by means of a *file* he had concealed, climbs the wall, and is just about to make his escape when the guard rush in, fire and mortally wound him, and he staggers to the footlights and dies in the most approved melo-dramatic manner, the death-scene being a great point in the play. One night the stage manager had either failed to provide the soldiers who rush in and do the killing, or they had gone round the corner for their beer and forgotten their duty. The prisoner cautiously breaks the door of his cell, and, taking the stage, files the irons from his feet, and absorbed in his part, did not notice the guard were not standing at the wing ready for their "cue." With the words, "Ah! the irons are off; I am free once more!" he hastily ascends the wall, and nearing the top, says the words at which the cruel shot was expected to be fired. But no shot came. He gave a side glance at the wing, and saw no soldiers. He must die. He must not get over the wall. Quick as a flash he saw the need of doing something. So giving an exclamation of fright, he falls from the wall, and reels to the front saying, "Oh, horrible! I've swallowed the *File!*" and dies in a most approved fit of strangulation! And, strange to say, the audience took it all in good part; and the piece was finished to their satisfaction.

The stage entrance to Niblo's Theatre is on Crosby street, just back of Broadway. Going through a narrow covered porchway you are admitted directly upon the stage. The dressing-rooms are situated above and below, taking in a part of the rear of the Metropolitan Hotel, steep stairways going to them from the sides of the stage. During the week the "White Fawn" was on the boards, and every available space was occupied by the ballet, the performers, and the extensive machinery used in the piece. It was a difficult matter to get around inside without coming in contact with scenes, "properties," or tripping in the way of some muslin divinity of the ballet, or falling over the tail of some "demon," just ready to go on for the scene. The prompter's table was the only safe place, and there I watched the piece through one night.

It was an hour before the curtain arose that I arrived behind the scenes. The stage was set for the beautiful picture of "King Ding Dong's Palace." A rehearsal of a new figure for the dance was in progress, as a number of green girls had been placed in the ballet, who were to be drilled into shape. Carpenters were nailing scenes, and making all the noise they could with their hammers. The gas men were working their calcium lights to see if they were in order. The captain of the "supes" was giving loud orders to his men, and putting some fresh arrivals through their paces. The actors were gathering, dressed for their characters. And towards the front stood the patient ballet-master, trying to make grace and ease where nature had scorned to put any—trying to make his feet turn out instead of persisting in turning in, and ungainly limbs assume correct positions, as the figures of the dance demanded. There were a score or more of girls around him, in pretty, short dresses, chatting like a flock of blackbirds, and doing everything but what the little Frenchman wanted them to do. When he counted the third change they would be finishing the second or the fourth. When he marked a backward movement for them, woman-like, they would go the other way. They seemed to take as much delight in teasing and bothering Monsieur as if he had been a lover or a husband. His patience gave way at last, and he swore a few French oaths, I am sorry to say; but they were heeded, and more pains taken.

There had to be a constant change in the ordinary ballet girls during the run of the "White Fawn." Going over the same things *night after night* made the girls very disgusted, and they would drop out of the ranks in dozens every week. Their places having to be filled by others, made frequent rehearsals necessary, and untold work for the ballet-master. Every motion, *pose*, evolution had to be practised hour after hour before the graceful and charming groupings, that the public saw could be presented in a fit shape.

Oh, how the girls in the piece did keep up a continual running fire of talk! After the play began, one could hardly hear two words out of five for the noise of their tongues. Every few minutes somebody had to be sent to stop them. They would collect in their dressing rooms and talk; on the stairs they would talk; behind the flats out of the way, talk, talk, talk, and even when on the stage, or at the wing preparing to go on, not a moment did they seem to "let up" in their machine-like chatter. There were over a hundred of them engaged in the piece, and they were the most troublesome things in it. Scold them and they would laugh; be harsh with them and they would break out into a cry, and leave the piece in the lurch. They were not to be tamed down to order. They were girls, and they meant to be girls, and the manager couldn't make anything else of them but silly chatter-boxes, who were bound to do as they please. "I didn't sleep nights," said the worthy stage manager, "because of the fuss I have with these girls. They wear the life out of me!"

What a queer old place it is, to be sure, behind the scenes of a theatre! How actors ever can take the illusion and sentiment of the play in the midst of so much disenchanting material I often wonder. In private study they may soar to the ideal conceptions of the poet, but on the bare, dreary, dingy stage, where everything is false and unreal, I should think every fancy would fly from them. On every side are stacks of scenes to be used in the play; some painted on both sides, and representing a fairy grotto and a demon's cavern with strange inconsistency. They are grimy with the prints of the scene-shifter's hands. They are torn in some places and patched in others. There stands a "golden throne" made of rough planks, and, like many other things in this world, with its best side turned out. Here are heaps of stage properties, of such names and appearance it is impossible for an outsider to tell for what purpose they are used. There are dragons' tails, heads of fishes, drinking cups, wreaths of gay, impossible flowers, gilt crosses, badges for knights, trappings soiled and faded, dishes of fruit which requires unbounded imagination to decide what they are meant for, red-hot pokers for the funny man, which lie quite harmless now, and don't even scorch the laces by their side—all stage deceptions, which the audience will take as real as the play goes on. There are some "mossy banks," upon which bright, sunny beings will recline; they are rude boards covered with painted cloth, and are as hard as a brick to the touch. How I pity the poor girls in thin dresses who will do the reclining! Talking in groups are fairies and mortals—princes; King Ding-Dong, an evil-looking monster, with great, glaring eyes; the wicked godmother to the princess, and the angelic daughter of the king with her; carpenters in work-dress with beings clad in rich armor and splendid suits; my Lord Chamberlain is taking a bite of ham-sandwich and a glass of lager, and casting soft glances at a pretty ballet-girl coming down the stage in a delicate pink muslin dress; the stage-manager is flying

here and there, giving his orders in a decided tone; all is ready at last; the orchestra have struck into the air for the curtain; the prompter's bell rings; "clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen!" the din of the bell commences; the green curtain slowly rises; the house is quiet, and the "White Fawn" begins.

It takes away all pleasure to see a piece of this kind from behind. Some of the finest effects seen from the audience are tame and insipid seen so close. Some of the finest women are really ugly. Can that bold, ungainly, hard-faced, pitted, frowning woman, who is exercising her limbs so freely at the flats, and getting herself into trim before she appears before the crowded house, be the sylph-like beauty whom we were wont to applaud with enthusiasm? She don't smile now, and her maid hasn't touched up her face yet with Email de Paris, and put on the beauty spots. By-and-by, she will glide down the stage to sweet music, wearing a fascinating smile, and have flowers thrown to her. She will captivate somebody then with her elegant face, and form, and dress.

Are the gorgeous scenes which we thought such a paragon of art, these dirty daubs, covered with Dutch metal and floss, coarse, and wretched, and shabby? The waterfall which looked so real, and sparkled so prettily, this muslin thing that a stout man in shirt sleeves is turning up and down, while overhead a gas man is directing his light upon it? These dresses, these armors, the gay processions and pageants, are they nothing but such cheap displays as this? All fancy goes in seeing art laid out so naked.

Everything goes by rule. The prompter touches his bells, and the machinery does its work. Traps open and close, men are pulling at ropes, and other men are fastening scenes, and putting up supports. The actors on the stage are whispering jokes to each other, or talking in low tones about the "house," the money there is in it, during the time they are not engaged in the dialogue; or, off the stage, drinking beer, reading the Clipper, and, in the green-room, taking a nap or playing a quiet game of poker or whist, until the call-boy summons them again to duty. They have gone over their *roles* so many times, it has ceased to interest them. As one or two get through their parts they hastily change the stage dress, wash of the *rouge*, and dash out into the street as if relieved. And the ladies, costumed in character, are parading before great mirrors, getting up elegant attitudes, or bringing their dresses to a proper and graceful swing. They are studying expressions, *too*, in the glass—how to look at such portions of the play that may call for some particular effect—how to put on those tender and head-turning airs that captivate an audience, and sends many a youth in front home to dream of in a wild, feverish delirium.

Here is a constant bustle and change as act by act goes by. The ballet change their dresses a half-dozen times. After a fatiguing ballet some of the great "stars" will come panting and heated from the stage and sink down into a seat almost exhausted. But the *encore* will sound, and a maid will brush a little powder on their face, smooth their dress, and gathering up her strength, the prima danseuse will bound on to the stage again, *smiling and bewitching*, I have known these women to come from a night's work, so pale and weary that they would lie for an hour in their dressing-rooms; too tired to change their stage clothes. And yet they go through the toil long months with wonderful spirit. It is not strange that one by one drop into early graves. The principal artistes are paid large sums; but the labor is extremely hard.

That the actor's life is unnatural and severe, none can realize who do not see it behind the scenes. There is nothing to cheer and elevate the hopes, save in the approval the public give. And even if a player does his best, and "plays many parts" well, on the morrow a cold shoulder may be turned to him by his patrons, and his hopes crushed to the dust. MIGS.

☞ An advertisement in the London Times seriously announces a new song, with the modest request, "Oh, give me back but yesterday!" A companion to the above, "Oh, could you spare to-morrow?" is in preparation; to be afterwards followed by the sequel lyric of "You haven't got such a thing as next week about you, have you?"

☞ Sometimes it is best to punish pupils *in kind*. The following will serve as an illustration: On a certain occasion two roguish boys amused themselves by sprinkling pupils with a watering-pot from an upper window. When called to an account for this they seemed very indifferent, and said "they could not see what harm there was." They were sent down stairs under a window and *sprinkled* till they "saw it."

☞ The last definition of the word "*demi-monde*," and which, as usual, has been attributed to young Alexander Dumas, is: *Demi-monde* (the half-world) is the world to which a husband always goes without taking his better-half with him.

☞ A firm in New Bedford is making three-wheeled wagons and carriages, which are much liked by those who have tried them. They are said to turn in less space and with less danger of upsetting than four-wheeled vehicles.

☞ We once heard a witty woman, commenting upon Mormonism, exclaim: "How absurd—four or five wives for one man; when the fact is, each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands—it would take about that number to support her decently."

☞ On board the English steamer Waldenstan were several clergymen from Natal, going to a synod of the Reformed Dutch Church at Cape Town, and also an English clergyman. The steamer was wrecked near Point L'Agulias, to the east of Cape Town, and the boats were gotten out. One of the clergymen rushed for the first boat, but Captain Joss, the master of the ship, lifted him out of the boat, saying: "You are a minister and prepared to die: the sinners must be saved first," and sure enough, the clergy were compelled to stick to the ship until the sinners had all been landed.

☞ Watches may be easily protected from sudden assault by adopting the following plan:—Let a small ring be firmly sewed inside the waistcoat pocket, and the lower end of the guard-chain passed through it before being attached to the watch. Whatever may happen to the chain the watch will remain safely in the pocket of the owner.

☞ Which is the dearest—a pensive Inez or an expensive lady?

☞ After marriage—Wife: "Charles, dear, now that we are married we must have no secrets; so help me off with my *calves*." (Husband groans and wishes he had found it out sooner.)

The Snow Problem on the Pacific Railroad.

It was reported last winter that the sheds built by the Pacific Railroad Company to protect their track from the deep snows of the Sierra Nevada mountains, were crushed by the weight of snow that fell upon them, and that some other method of protection would have to be devised. It seems, however, by a letter in the San Francisco Bulletin, that this plan of shielding the track has not been abandoned. The company are now engaged in erecting sheds over the cuttings and other exposed points. They are of heavy timber framework, with pointed gable roofs, and look as if they could withstand almost any pressure of snow. Nearly forty miles of the track will have to be thus covered, and the quantity of timber required will be enormous. Not less than 23 saw mills, most of them worked by steam, are run night and day, employing nearly 2,000 men; and yet they do not work up to the needs of the company. In a few weeks 28 mills will be running. It is estimated that it will require no less than 800,000 feet of lumber to construct a mile of sheds. So great is the demand, that the country on both sides of the track is being rapidly denuded of its forests.

PRETTY SHARP BOY.—One pleasant day last summer, I took my seat in the stage-coach bound from Fall River to C——. Among the passengers was a little gentleman, who had possibly seen five summers. The coach being quite full, he sat in the lap of another passenger. While on the way, something was said about pick-pockets, and soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked:

"My fine fellow, how easy I could pick your pocket."

"No, you couldn't," replied he, "I've been looking out for you all the time!"

BOUDOIR.—This word is used to denote a lady's private apartment, in which she receives only her most intimate friends; and it carries with it ideas of refinement and luxury. If, however, we trace the word to its origin, we find that the root, or first syllable, *boud*, is the same as our English word *pout*; and that the term signifies, literally, a place to which a woman retires to sulk—a *poutery*, as we might call it. Like many other words, however, it has lost the tinge of reproach and vulgarity it once bore, and has acquired an air of elegance which conceals all trace of its low birth.

CORNS AND BUNIONS.—To cure corns, take a lemon, cut a piece off, then nick it so as to let in the toe with the corn. Tie this on at night so that it cannot move, and you will find the next morning that, with a blunt knife, the corn will come away to a great extent. Two or three applications will effect a thorough cure. Bunions are usually difficult to cure; but the following has proved a remedy in some cases: Make an ointment of half an ounce of spermaceti and twelve grains of iodine, and apply twice or thrice a day.

☞ One of the most calmly philosophical speeches I ever heard, I heard the other day from the mouth of an urchin. The scene was a play-field attached to a most respectable academical establishment. Boys were busy cricketing, and engaged in other sports. Espying one solitary little fellow stretched out on the grass in listless abandonment of all control over his limbs. "Find the weather too warm for exertion?" I remarked. "No," he said; "but when I bore myself doing nothing, playtime seems so much longer." I have not yet recovered from the stupendous depth of this answer.

☞ The explicit testimony of Swedenborg is that angels and spirits no more see us than we see them; that their eyes, like their other senses, are adapted only to the light of the words in which they dwell, and that if ever, in the providence of the Lord, they are permitted to look upon things of this earth, it must be through the eyes of some man yet living in the natural body, and whose senses for that reason, can be affected by our light. All the fancies, therefore, of angels floating about us in the air, and watching us and our external actions, are, according to Swedenborg, illusions.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 7000 bbls sold at $6,50@7,75 for superfine; $8@9 for extra; $9,50@10,50 for fresh ground Northwest family; $11 for low grade and fancy old Northwest family; $10@12 for Penna and Ohio family, and $12,50@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—Sales at $9,25@9,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat has been scarce, 20,000 bus good to prime Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $2,20@2,30, including common at $2@2,10; 20,000 bus of amber at $2,34@2,35; 1600 bus of No. 1 spring at $2,08, and 9000 bus of white at $2,50@2,60, as to quality. Rye—5000 bus sold at $1,55@1,60 for new Southern. Corn—28,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,32@1,33; 30,000 bus of prime Western mixed at $1,20@1,31, and 10,000 bus of damaged do at $1,20@1,22. Oats—50,000 bus of Western and Penna sold at 70@73c, and 10,000 bus of Southern at 50@65c ₩ bus, as to quality.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $30. Mess Beef sells at $27,50@28 for city packed family. Dried Beef sells at 21@22c. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20@22c; Excelsior Hams at 23c; Sides at 17¼@18¾c, and Shoulders at 14¾@15c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 19@19¾c; and 90,000 lbs of Shoulders at 13¼@13¾c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs Western at 20@20¾c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 28@32c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 17¼@18c. Eggs sell at 23@24c ₩ doz.

COTTON—Market dull; sales of 900 bales at 27@28c for middling Uplands, and 28@29¼c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $2@5 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 10@12c, and Peaches at 15@17c for halves.

SEEDS—1200 bus Cloverseed sold at $8,50@9. Timothy; sales of 1000 bus at $2@3,40, the latter rate for prime new. Flaxseed is selling at $2,15@2,20.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 9@9¼ cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5 cts ₩ lb. 3800 Hogs sold at from $14,75 to 15,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

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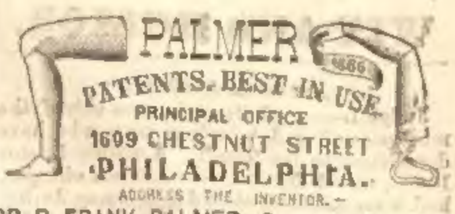

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One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
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WIT AND HUMOR.

An Item Account.

Judge L——, of Virginia, was one of the most prompt and laberious men who have done honor to the Bench. A certain Doctor R——, noted for his extortionate charges, had been called to attend a poor man during a long illness, and at its close presented a most exorbitant bill, which the patient refused to pay unless large deductions were made. The Doctor insisted upon receiving the whole, and immediately brought suit.

The case came up before Judge L., who during its progress asked to see the account. When it was handed up it was found to consist of a single charge: "*Medical Attendance* —so much." The Judge required the Doctor, who was present, to specify the items. He refused to comply, and the case was thrown out of court.

When the court had adjourned the Doctor thus accosted the Judge: "That was an honest account, Judge L——; an honest account."

"I know nothing about it," said the Judge, in his sharp, decisive voice; "nothing about it, sir."

After an embarrassing silence, the Doctor began again: "Judge L——, we shall all have to give an account—an account, sir, of all the deeds done in the body."

"I know that, sir," retorted the Judge; "I know that. But it will be an item account—an item account, sir!"

The Doctor vamosed incontinently.

Not Very Complimentary.

The following story is too good to be lost, and as it must have been told by a lawyer, of course the profession will take no offence at our reproducing it. An old lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him?

Lawyer—The boy appears to be rather young, madam; how old is he?

Lady—Seven years, sir.

Lawyer—He is too young, decidedly too young; have you no boys older?

Lady—Oh! yes, I have several, but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told the old man I thought this little fellow would make a first-rate lawyer, so I called to see if you would take him?

Lawyer—No, madam, he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?

Lady—Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day. When he was only five he'd lie like all natur'; when he got to be six he was sassy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he'll steal everything he can lay his hands on.

PEW WHISPERINGS.—Mary Ellen, (anxiously.) Betsy Jane, isn't my *chignon* coming off?

Betsy J. (pettishly.)—No. Can't you move a little further? you are creasing my lace flounces.

Mary Ellen, (moving a little.)—Don't you think Susan Brown looks dreadful homely? What big feet she has, and how she waddles into her pew.

Betsy Jane—Was there ev—. Oh! there's Charlie! Isn't he a perfect Adonis! How I *do* wish he would look our way.

Mary Ellen, (smiling sweetly.)—Ah! I see him. He's looking towards us.

Betsy Jane, (angrily.)—He isn't looking at *you*, so you needn't act like a fool. The minister's going to pray.

Mary Ellen, (sucking lemon drops.)—Those long prayers of his are positively awful, and I shan't try to keep awake.

Betsy Jane (peeping through her fingers at Charlie.)—Go to sleep, dear, I shan't disturb you.

Mary Ellen, (gaping.)—I don't exactly say I shall—but I—I—I shall—.

NOT BAD.—Jim Smith was a noted auctioneer. One day he was selling farm stock. Among the articles to be sold was a heifer, very attractive in her appearance, and consequently "Jim" dwelt quite extensively on her many excellencies, winding up his eloquent flourish that she was as "gentle as a dove." Thereupon, a long, slab-sided countryman, whose legs were some twelve inches longer than his pants, approached the heifer and stooping down commenced handling her teats. Bossy, not relishing such familiarity, lifted her hoofs and laid "Greeny" sprawling some ten feet off. "There," said "Jim," "that shows one of her best traits; she'll never allow a strange calf to come near her!" "Greeny" meanwhile picked himself up, and giving his busy pate a harrowing scratch, exclaimed: "No wonder when *her own calf has been bleating around her all day!*"

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.—An agent of an accident insurance corporation regales the public with the following authentic facts:—In Utica, New York, a man accidentally got married. Being insured in this company, he will receive $15 a week until he recovers. Near Portland, Maine, a poor man fell from a loft and broke his neck; he received his insurance, $3,000, from the company, with which he was enabled to set himself up in business, and is now doing well. A boiler exploded in Memphis, blowing the engineer into the air quite out of sight; he will receive $15 a day until he comes down again.

VERY WELL TOLD.—The next morning the judge of the police court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially; said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast: "Guilty or not guilty?" I responded, in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, I was requested to lend the city ten dollars.

☞ A BUSINESS MAN.—Josh Billings defines a "thurrer bred bizziness man" as "wun that knows enuff about steelin' so't there kant enny body steel from him, and enuff about law so that he kin do his steelin' legally."

☞ There is a wide difference between the confidence which becomes a man and the simplicity which disgraces a fool.

☞ Fools draw false conclusions from just principles, and madmen draw just conclusions from false principles.

USUAL REWARD OF MERIT.

Jones has been trying to make himself very entertaining with his jokes to his fair neighbor—but (during a short intermission) overhears the following whispered conversation between said neighbor and a very sentimental-looking gentleman on the other side of her:—

SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN.—Don't you hate fellers who are always trying to be funny?

YOUNG LADY.—Oh, so much! don't you?

[Jones collapses for the remainder of the meal.]

A Good Wife.

BY MRS. J. F. T.

A good wife makes the poorest and most desolate home a paradise, and moulds the most negligent and indifferent husband into a tender and thoughtful companion. The influence of woman—quiet, imperceptible, and all persuasive—is irresistible when directed by woman's instinctive tact and affection. The clamorers for woman's rights rarely attain their object; while the meek and yielding can bind manhood with chains of roses more potent than chains of steel. The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be—"How shall I continue the love I have inspired? How shall I preserve the heart I have won?" Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary, to which his heart may always turn from the calamities of life. Make it a repose from his cares—a shelter from the world—a home, not for his person only, but for his heart. He may meet with pleasure in other houses, but let him find happiness in his own. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should he be silent and thoughtful, do not heedlessly disturb him; should he be studious, favor him with all practicable facilities; or should he be peevish, make allowance for human nature, and by your sweetness, gentleness, and good humor, urge him continually to think, though he may not say it—"This woman is indeed a comfort to me; I cannot but love her, and requite such gentleness and affection as they deserve."

Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty. These to a man of refinement, are attractions the most highly captivating; while their opposites never fail to inspire disgust. Let the delicacy and modesty of the bride be always, in a great degree, supported by the wife. If it be possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the reputation, he will take some pains to deserve it; but when he has once lost the name, he will be apt to abandon the reality. Cultivate and exhibit, with the greatest care and constancy, cheerfulness and good humor. They give beauty to the finest face, and impart a charm where charms are not. On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner is chilling and repulsive to his feelings. He will be very apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.

In the article of dress, study your husband's tastes. The opinions of others on this subject is of but very little consequence, if he approves. Particularly shun what the world calls, in ridicule, "curtain lectures." When you shut your door at night, endeavor to shut out at the same moment all discord and contention, and look upon your chamber as a sacred retreat from the vexations of the world—a shelter sacred to peace and affection. How indecorous, offensive and sinful it is for a woman to exercise authority over her husband, and to say—"I will not have it so; it shall be as I like!" But we trust the number of those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner is so small as to render it unnecessary for us to enlarge on the subject.

Be careful never to join in a jest and laugh at your husband. Conceal his faults, and speak only of his merits. Shun every approach to extravagance. The want of economy has involved millions in misery. Be neat, tidy, orderly, methodical. Rise early, breakfast early, have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Few things please a man more than seeing his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as every other branch in housekeeping, is indispensable in a woman; and a wife should always endeavor to support with applause the character of the lady and the housewife. Let home be your empire—your world. Let it be the scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let it be the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, of mother, and of mistress, you strive to shine. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. Leave to your husband the task of distinguishing himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home, and let your applause be that of your servants, your children, your husband, your God. That fame is noblest which the true, loving, and affectionate wife secures from among the inmates of the home circle.

Delicate Hands.

A delicate and beautiful hand is considered as the especial privilege of people of leisure. It is seldom found among those women who are obliged to work hard, though they may be endowed with fine eyes, a beautiful mouth, or all other female charms. We are told that small and delicate hands are more common in the United States than elsewhere; but perhaps we should hesitate in accepting this compliment to the good looks of our women at the expense of their industry.

A well-made hand should be delicate and somewhat long. The back should be just plump enough to prevent the veins from being too prominent. The fingers must be long, pulpy, and tapering, forming like graduated columns of perfect proportion. When the hand is open there should be little dimples at the knuckles, which should be slightly prominent when the hand is closed.

Each finger ought to be gently curved on the back and somewhat flat on the palmar side. The thumb should not pass beyond the middle joint of the fore-finger, which should terminate when extended precisely at the base of the nail of the middle one. The ring-finger ought not to extend more than half-way up the nail of the same, and the little finger should be exactly of the length of the two joints of its neighbors.

The palm of the hand, when open, should be somewhat deep, and bordered with a slightly curved and pulpy cushion of flesh. The skin of the whole should be delicate, smooth, mostly white, but here and there slightly tinted with rose color. The fingers must have an air of ease and flexibility. The common habit of stretching their joints with the view of making them snap is fatal to their regularity of proportion and beauty.

Using the Left Hand.

It is a very old custom to quiz the Celestials about the cramping shoe wherewith they were wont to afflict the Celestial fair; but why do we with all our wisdom, persist in condemning the left hand to comparative uselessness? There is no reason in nature for it. It is every bit as well endowed as the right, and possesses, if any thing, more delicacy of touch. A button-polisher at Birmingham realized a fortune by departing from our time-honored custom. He set his people to polish with both hands at once, and thus executed nearly double the quantity of work and attained a more brilliant surface. Is there, after all, any latent cause for this general tying-up of the left? We have never heard of one, and have quite failed to discover any. Let any one perseveringly try it for a time, and he will find the neglected one soon enter into competition with the right. It improves both.

This reminds us of one of the professional associates of our youth. Our friend W. was the most artistic colorist of mechanical drawings we ever knew; and though not remarkable for industry, he would, when in haste to finish a drawing, take a brush in each hand and get over the surface with remarkable rapidity. Those familiar with the subject will understand not only how much quicker, but how more evenly a large wash could be laid on by working in this way, and also with what facility the shading could be performed by laying on the color with one hand and softening it with the other. It may be difficult at mature age to cultivate the use of both hands, but there is no doubt that by the encouragement of the habit in youth, the use of the left hand with the same facility as the right may easily be acquired.—*London Paper.*

Mothers.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or emperors on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of children are susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea-shore when the tide is out, and you form characters or write words or names in the smooth, white sand, which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth or error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be in the treatment of her child! How prayerful, and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death.

AGRICULTURAL.

Judging Horses by Appearances.

I offer the following suggestions, the result of my close observation and long experience: If the color be light, sorrel or chestnut, his feet, legs and face white—these are marks of kindness. If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended on as a horse for being trained to anything; as respects such horses, the more kindly you treat them the better you will be treated in return. Nor will a horse of this description stand a whip if well fed. If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish faced. He may be so far gentle as not to scare, but he will have too much go-ahead in him to be safe with every body. If you want a fool, but a horse of great bottom, get a deep bay with not a white hair about him. If his face is a little dished, so much the worse. Let no man ride such a horse that is not an expert rider; they are always tricky and unsafe. If you want one that will never give out, never buy a large, overgrown one. A black horse cannot stand the heat, nor a white one the cold. If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white about the head, the more the better. Selections thus made are of great docility and gentleness.—*Exchange Paper.*

Manual Labor at a University.

Mr. Ezra Cornell, the founder of a University bearing his name at Ithaca, N. Y., has published a card in answer to appeals for assistance to enable young men to obtain an education, in which he states that the system of manual labor which will be adopted will afford a compensation sufficient for that purpose. Students will be employed on a farm of three hundred acres, to produce articles required at the tables—milk, butter, cheese, meat, grain for bread, vegetables and fruits. The machine shop will be equipped with an engine of twenty-five horse power, lathes, planing machines, and other implements for working in iron and wood, and all students will have abundant employment in manufacturing tools, machinery, models, &c. They will also be engaged in rope-making, beautifying the grounds, etc., receiving current rates for all their work.

Experience with Fertilizers.

The special correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Henry Ward Beecher's farm of thirty-six acres, says:

Mr. Beecher has tried all the phosphates and special fertilizers, but he likes farm-yard manure best. Even bone is not of much use with him. From 600 to 1,000 loads of manure are put on the place yearly; all that is made is carefully saved, and there are compost heaps of muck and weeds. A good deal of manure is hauled from Peekskill, and considerable quantities of unleached ashes are bought of the farmers at thirteen cents per bushel. When he was asked if the farmers were so ignorant as to sell their ashes at this price, or even at all, he said, "Yes, but *don't print it!*" One who commences with a poor farm must take such fertilizers as he can get.

HANDLING OF SHEEP.—Daily do we see sheep grabbed by the wool and hauled about. Will people never learn better? Let some one take them by the hair, and they would probably learn a lesson. Could they look under the skin they would be surprised how much suffering they had inflicted—for the sheep is dumb and does not tell its pain. Take by the neck—or any other place rather than the wool—any place but the wool. So it is where the sheep are hooked or thumped about. They are tender, it must be remembered—more so than any stock on the farm.

RECEIPTS.

TO KEEP TOMATOES.—Tomatoes may be kept almost any length of time and come out almost as good and fresh as when first picked by preserving in *pure cider vinegar*, diluted with water. One gill of vinegar and two of water. Pick when ripe but not very soft, leave the stems on and do not break the skin. Put into wood or stone and put the liquid on them cold. After you get through putting them in, place something upon them to keep them under the liquid, and take out as you may wish to use them. Can use them as you would tomatoes fresh from the vines. It will not fail you if your vinegar is pure and diluted according to directions. Try it.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them for a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them until they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.—Scald at night half the quantity of meal you are going to use, mix the other with cold water, having it the consistency of thick batter; add a little salt and set it to rise; it will need no yeast. In the morning the cakes will be light and crisp.

MUFFINS.—Mix a quart of wheat flour, with a pint and a half of milk, half a teacup of yeast, a couple of beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and a couple of tablespoonsful of lukewarm melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise. When light, butter your muffin cups, turn in the mixture and bake muffins to a light brown.

LEMON TEA CAKES.—Rub half a pound of butter into a pound of flour; add half a pound of finely-sifted sugar, grate the rind of two lemons and squeeze in the juice of one, and two eggs. Mix all well together, roll out the paste, cut into shapes and bake in a slow oven.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF WOOLENS.—If there is any thickness of grease, such as drops from a lighted candle, it should be scraped off the surface. This can be most effectually done when the grease has become cold. To take out the remainder, make a common poker red hot, and hold the heated end over the greasy spots, about one and a half inch from the material, moving the poker a little backwards and forwards to prevent scorching. If the material is fine, such as French merino, it is better to place a piece of blotting paper over the spots, to prevent the hot poker from scorching or taking the color out; but for thick things, such as table covers, blotting paper is not necessary.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 57 letters.

My 24, 44, 54, 10, 18, 32, 49, 27, is an animal mentioned in the Bible.

My 21, 12, 28, 18, 50, 5, 57, is a precious stone.

My 6, 1, 53, 9, 40, 42, is an article of clothing.

My 43, 3, 38, 29, 55, 13, are inhabitants of a Mohammedan Paradise.

My 8, 47, 37, 36, 25, 17, 53, 56, 19, is a beautiful gem.

My 31, 15, 34, 41, 20, is an Anglo-Saxon Deity.

My 2, 16, 48, 8, 35, 11, 54, 39, 14, 26, 56, 22, is a plant of cactus tribe, sometimes used as a torch.

My 30, 33, 18, 51, 4, 55, 44, 40, is a town in Scotland.

My 35, 52, 33, 23, is a variety of chalcedony of a brownish red color.

My 7 is the 13th letter in the Ethiopian Alphabet.

My whole is a saying well worth remembering.

Riddle.

My 1st is in warm, but not in cold,
My 2nd is in bought, but not in sold;
My 3rd is in quarrel, but not in fight,
My 4th is in wither, but not in blight;
My 5th is in heart, but not in hand,
My 6th is in water, but not in land;
My 7th is in peach, but not in plum,
My 8th is in deaf, but not in dumb;
My 9th is in green, but not in blue,
My 10th is in one, but not in two;
My 11th is in kitten, but not in cat,
My 12th is in mouse, but not in rat;
My 13th is in roam, but not in rove,
My 14th is in wood, but not in grove;
My 15th is in paint, but not in draw,
My 16th is in file, but not in saw;
My 17th is in sail, but not in row,
My 18th is in plant, but not in sow;
My 19th is in shawl, but not in cloak,
My 20th is in elm, but not in oak;
My 21st is in brass, but not in tin,
My 22nd is in crime, but not in sin;
My 23rd is in sigh, but not in weep,
My 24th is in spring, but not in leap;
My 25th is in monarch, but not in king,
My 26th is in play, but not in sing;
My 27th is in wasp, but not in bee,
My 28th is in hear, but not in see;
My 29th is in youth, but not in age,
My 30th is in prison, but not in cage;
My 31st is in fearless, but not in bold,
My 32nd is in whip, but not in scold;
My 33rd is in stay, but not in go,
My 34th is in yes, but not in no;
My whole is an old saying.

AMANDA PENROSE.

Cambridge, O.

Perpetuity Movement Question.

Supposing a ball beginning to move towards the moon; flying with such velocity that it would accomplish 720 miles the first hour; but with such diminishing ratio of speed that each successive hour it would only move 8-9th of the distance it had moved the preceding hour. How much nearer would it be to the moon at the end of all *eternity?* X.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

Find the two least integral numbers, such that their sum may be a square, and the sum of their squares a fourth power.

Baltimore, Md. MELVILLE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A perpendicular tree 300 feet high was broken off by the wind, one end of the top remained resting on the stump, and the other end on the level ground 100 feet from the root of the stump. Required—The height of the stump. JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.

Nebraska City, Nebraska.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a fiery individual and a slice of bacon? Ans.—One is rash and the other is a rasher.

☞ What is the most becoming dress for bare earth? Ans.—The skirt of a wood.

☞ Where do poets dry their clothes? Ans.—On their own "lines."

☞ When is money like a bullet? Ans.—When it is "spent."

☞ When is a tombstone like a rush-light? Ans—When it is set up for a late husband.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, which terminated forever his splendid career. ENIGMA—"He is unhappy, who is never satisfied." REBUS—Robin Hood—(Russia, Oregon, Barberry, Ispahan, Nueces, Hindoo, Koosh, Ogdensburg, Oder, Dayton.)

TO PRESERVE PEACHES.—The clear-stone yellow peaches, white at the stone, are the best. Weigh the fruit after it is pared. To each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf-sugar. Put a layer of sugar at the bottom of the preserving-kettle, and then a layer of fruit, and so on until the fruit is all in. Stand it over hot ashes until the sugar is entirely dissolved; then boil them until they are clear; take them out piece by piece, and spread them on a dish free from syrup. Boil the syrup in the pan until it jellies; when the peaches are cold, fill the jars half full with them, and fill up with the boiling syrup. Let them stand a short time covered with a thin cloth, then put on brandy paper, and cover them close with corks, skin, or paper. From twenty to thirty minutes will generally be sufficient to preserve them.

LEMON CHEESECAKES.—One pound of loaf-sugar, six eggs, but the whites of four only, the juice of three large lemons, but first, before cutting them, rub the sugar on the rinds to extract the flavor. Beat the eggs well; add them to the juice of the lemons; then strain them into a bright tin saucepan; add a quarter of a pound of *fresh* butter and all the other ingredients. Let it simmer slowly over a slow fire till the whole is the consistence of honey; stir the mixture till cool, when, after having lined the patty-pans with puff paste, bake them, then put on the lemon mixture, and return them to the oven a few minutes just to very slightly brown over.

☞ There are said to be over 250,000 seeds of red clover in a pound.